

RIVALS FOR AMERICA



FRANCIS PARKMAN

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Defeat and Death of General Braddock



RIVALS FOR AMERICA

BY

FRANCIS PARKMAN

SELECTIONS FROM "FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN
NORTH AMERICA"

COMPILED BY

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Illustrated

TORONTO
McCLELLAND, GOODCHILD & STEWART
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Published, October, 1915

40602

THE COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. SIMONDS CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

PREFACE

HISTORY is not a dull, dry-as-dust matter for young people who look at it with the eyes of Francis Parkman. The events that made America what it is leap to life when sketched on his canvas, and we of this generation thrill with his picture of old-time valor and glorious adventure. No better fortune can befall the boy or girl of the Twentieth Century than an early introduction to the great visualizer of the Eighteenth — Francis Parkman.

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RIVALS FOR AMERICA

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW FRANCE

(1488-1613)

IT is said by a French writer that in the year 1488, four years before the first voyage of Columbus, America was found by Frenchmen. Cousin, a navigator of Dieppe, being at sea off the African coast, was forced westward by winds and currents to an unknown shore, where he presently descried the mouth of a great river. On board his ship was one Pinzon, whose conduct became so mutinous that, on his return to Dieppe, Cousin made complaint to the magistracy, who thereupon dismissed the offender from the maritime service of the town.

Pinzon went to Spain, became known to Columbus, told him the discovery, and joined him on his voyage of 1492.

Leaving this cloudland of tradition, we approach the confines of recorded history. The Normans,¹ offspring of an ancestry of conquerors, — the Bretons,¹ that stubborn, hardy, unchanging race, who, among Druid monuments changeless as themselves, still cling with Celtic obstinacy to the thoughts and habits of the past, — the Basques,² that primitive people, older than history, — all frequented from a very early date, the cod-banks of Newfoundland. There is some reason to believe that this fishery existed before the voyage of Cabot in 1497. It is certain that from 1527 on it was never abandoned.

French, English, Spanish, and Portuguese made resort to the Banks, always jealous, often quarrelling, but still drawing up treasures from these exhaustless mines, and bearing home bountiful provision against the season of Lent.

In 1506 the Gulf of St. Lawrence was explored by one Denis of Honfleur. In 1535

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Jacques Cartier,¹ a French mariner, sailed up the St. Lawrence as far as what is now Montreal.² After him came tempestuous years and a reign of blood and fire for France. The religious wars³ begot the helpless colony of Florida,⁴ but for more than half a century they left New France a desert. Yet, far aloof from siege and battle, the fishermen of the western ports still plied their craft on the banks of Newfoundland. Humanity, morality, decency, might be forgotten, but codfish must still be had for the use of the faithful in Lent and on fast days. Still the wandering Esquimaux saw the Norman and Breton sails hovering around some lonely headland or anchored in fleets in the harbor of St. John; and still, through salt spray and driving mist the fishermen dragged up the riches of the sea.

But if the wilderness of ocean had its treasures, so too had the wilderness of woods. It needed but a few knives, beads, and trinkets, and the Indians would throng to the shore, burdened with the spoils of their

winter hunting. Fishermen threw up their old vocation for the more lucrative trade in bear skins and beaver skins. They built rude huts along the shores of Anticosti, where, at that day, the bison, it is said, could be seen wallowing in the sands. They outraged the Indians; they quarrelled with each other; and this infancy of the Canadian fur-trade showed rich promise of the disorders which marked its riper growth.

In all the western sea-ports, merchants and adventurers turned their eyes towards America; not, like the Spaniards, seeking treasures of silver and gold, but the more modest gains of codfish and train-oils, beaver skins and marine ivory. A Catholic nobleman of Brittany, the Marquis de la Roche, bargained with the King¹ to colonize New France. His colony was unsuccessful. In the meantime Pontgravé, a merchant of St. Malo, was granted a patent. He associated himself with a man of spirit widely different — Samuel de Champlain,² a true hero, after the chivalrous mediæval type. In 1603 he and Pontgravé ascended the St. Lawrence as

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far as Cartier had. But when the voyagers returned to France, they found that a new commission had been given one Sieur de Monts, who was made Lieutenant-General of Acadia.¹

De Monts sailed for Acadia, taking with him Champlain, who explored the New England coast and has left us the first precise and trustworthy account of the human tenants of this shore. De Mont's lieutenant, Poutrincourt, headed a colony which settled at Port Royal, and De Monts and Champlain, with men and supplies, left to plant a settlement on the St. Lawrence.²

Poutrincourt's son, Biencourt, a spirited youth of eighteen, sailed in July, 1610, for France to take back news of the colony and obtain more funds. Speeding on his way, he heard dire news from a fisherman on the Grand Bank. Henry the Fourth of France was dead, and the hope of Europe died with him.

The Jesuits³ were in great power at court, having secured the favor of the Queen and her ladies of honor. When Biencourt ob-

tained an audience with her Majesty, she insisted that he must take Jesuits back with him to convert the Indians. Young Biencourt saw it vain to resist. The triumphant priests embarked, and friend and foe set sail together.

They landed at Port Royal¹ in June, 1611. Discord was here² in the black robe of the Jesuits and the brown capote of the rival traders. The position of the wretched little colony may well provoke reflection. Here lay the shaggy continent, from Florida to the Pole, outstretched in savage slumber along the sea. On the banks of the James River was a nest of woe-begone Englishmen, a handful of Dutch fur-traders at the mouth of the Hudson, and a few shivering Frenchmen among the snow-drifts of Acadia; while deep within the wild monotony of desolation, on the icy verge of the great northern river, the hand of Champlain upheld the fleur-de-lis on the rock of Quebec. These were the advance guard, the forlorn hope of civilization, messengers of promise to a desert continent. Yet, unconscious of this, they were rent by

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petty jealousies and miserable feuds; while each of these detached fragments of rival nationalities, scarcely able to maintain its own wretched existence on a few square miles, begrudged to the others the smallest share in a land which all the nations of Europe would hardly have been enough to fill.

The Port Royal colony did not prosper. Poutrincourt was forced to accept help from a lady of honor at the court, Mme. de Guercheville, and her Jesuit advisers. She obtained from De Monts a transfer of all his claims to the lands of Acadia, and, in addition, a new grant from the King of all the territory of North America, from the St. Lawrence to Florida. Thus did Madame de Guercheville, or in other words, the Jesuits who used her name as a cover, become proprietor of the greater part of the future United States and British Provinces. On the twelfth of March, 1613, the "Jonas", which we may call the "Mayflower" of the Jesuits, sailed from France for the shores of New England, with forty-eight sailors and colonists, including two Jesuits. The leader

of the colony was a courtier called La Saussaye.

They touched at Poutrincourt's colony at Port Royal, and taking on there two more Jesuits, made their way along the shore till they came to the wild heights of the island of Mount Desert.¹ La Saussaye cast anchor. There was peace on the wilderness and peace on the sea; but none in this missionary bark, pioneer of Christianity and civilization. The sailors threatened to mutiny over the terms of their engagement. When they went ashore, La Saussaye wished to break ground and raise crops immediately, while the rest opposed him, wishing first to be housed and fortified. The Captain, Fleury, demanded that the ship should be unladen, and La Saussaye would not consent. Debate ran high, when suddenly all was harmony, and the disputants were friends once more in the pacification of a common danger.

Far out at sea, beyond the islands that sheltered their harbor, they saw an approaching sail; and as she drew near, straining their anxious eyes, they could descry the

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red flags that streamed from her masthead and her stern; then the black muzzles of her cannon,—they counted seven on a side; then the throng of men upon her decks. The wind was brisk and fair; all her sails were set; she came on, writes a spectator, more swiftly than an arrow.

Six years before, in 1607, the ships of Captain Newport had conveyed to the banks of James River the first vital germ of English colonization on the continent. Several years had elapsed since Newport's voyage; and the colony, depleted by famine, disease, and an Indian war, had been recruited by fresh immigration, when one Samuel Argall arrived at Jamestown, captain of an illicit trading vessel. He was a man of ability and force,—one of those combinations of craft and daring in which the age was fruitful; for the rest, unscrupulous and grasping. In the spring of 1613 he achieved a characteristic exploit, the abduction of Poccohontas, that most interesting of young squaws, or, to borrow the style of the day, of Indian princesses. Sailing up the Potomac, he lured

her aboard his ship, and then carried off the benefactress of the colony a prisoner to Jamestown. Here a young man of family, Rolfe, became enamored of her, married her with more than ordinary ceremony, and thus secured a firm alliance between her tribesmen and the English.

Meanwhile Argall had set forth on another enterprise. With a ship of one hundred and thirty tons, carrying fourteen guns and sixty men, he sailed in May for islands off the coast of Maine, to fish, as he says, for cod. He had a more important errand; for Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Virginia, had commissioned him to expel the French from any settlement they might have made within the limits of King James's patents.

Thick fogs involved him; and when the weather cleared he found himself not far from the bay of Penobscot. Canoes came out from shore; the Indians climbed the ship's side, and as they gained the deck, greeted the astonished English with an odd pantomime of bows and flourishes, which, in the belief of the latter, could have been

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learned from none but Frenchmen. By signs, too, and by often repeating the word Norman, — by which they always designated the French, — they betrayed the presence of the latter. Argall questioned them as well as his total ignorance of the language would permit, and learned by signs the position and numbers of the colonists. Clearly they were no match for him. Assuring the Indians that the Normans were his friends, and that he longed to see them, he retained one of the visitors as a guide, dismissed the rest with presents, and shaped his course for Mount Desert.

Now the wild heights rose in view; now the English could see the masts of a small ship anchored in the sound; and now, as they rounded the islands, four white tents were visible on the grassy slope between the water and the woods. Argall's men prepared for fight, while their Indian guide, amazed, broke into a howl of lamentation.

On shore all was confusion. Argall bore down on them, with a furious din of drums and trumpets, showed his broadside, and re-

plied to their hail with a volley of cannon and musket shot. "Fire! Fire!" screamed Fleury. But there was no gunner to obey, till Du Thet, one of the priests, seized and applied the match. "The cannon made as much noise as the enemy's," writes Biard, one of the other Jesuits; but as the inexperienced artillerist forgot to aim the piece, no other result ensued. Another storm of musketry, and Brother Gilbert du Thet rolled helpless on the deck.

The French ship was mute. The English plied her for a time with shot, then lowered a boat and boarded. Dead and wounded men lay strewn about her deck. La Motte, Saussey's lieutenant, sword in hand, showed fight to the last, and won the esteem of his captors.

The English landed without meeting any show of resistance, and ranged at will among the tents, the piles of luggage and stores, and the buildings and defences newly begun. Argall asked for the commander, but La Saussaye had fled to the woods. The crafty Englishman seized his chests, caused the

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locks to be picked, searched till he found the royal letters and commissions, withdrew them, replaced everything else as he had found it, and again closed the lids.

In the morning, La Saussaye, between the English and starvation, preferred the former, and issued from his hiding-place. Argall received him with studious courtesy. That country, he said, belonged to his master, King James. Doubtless they had authority from their own sovereign for thus encroaching upon it; and, for his part, he was prepared to yield all respect to the King of France, that the peace between the two nations might not be disturbed. Therefore he prayed that the commissions might be shown him.

La Saussaye opened his chests. The royal signature was nowhere to be found. At that, Argall's courtesy changed to wrath. He denounced the Frenchmen as robbers and pirates who deserved the gallows, removed their property on board his ship, and spent the afternoon in dividing it among his followers. The disconsolate French remained

on the scene of their woes, where the greedy soldiers as they came ashore would snatch from them, now a cloak, and now a doublet, till the unfortunate colonists were left half naked. In other respects the English treated their captives well, — except two of them, whom they flogged; and Argall, having gained his point, returned to his former courtesy.

But how to dispose of the prisoners? Fifteen of them, were turned adrift in an open boat, at the mercy of the wilderness and the sea. They chanced to fall in with two French trading vessels, which bore them in safety to St. Malo. Fourteen others were borne captive on Argall's ship to Virginia.

On their arrival Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor, fumed and blustered, talked of halter and gallows and declared that he would hang them all. In vain Argall remonstrated, urging that he had pledged his word for their lives. Dale, outraged by their invasion of British territory, was deaf to all appeals; till Argall, driven to extremity, displayed the stolen commissions, and pro-

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claimed his stratagem, of which the French themselves had to that moment been ignorant. As they were accredited by their government, their lives were at least safe. Yet the wrath of Sir Thomas Dale still burned high. He summoned his council, and together they decided to dispatch Argall again with three ships to wipe out all stain of French intrusion from shores which King James claimed as his own.

Their action was utterly unauthorized. The two kingdoms were at peace. James the First, by the patents of 1606, had granted all North America, from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth degree of latitude, to the two companies of London and Plymouth, — Virginia being assigned to the former, while to the latter were given Maine and Acadia, with adjacent regions. Over these, though as yet the claimants had not taken possession of them, the authorities of Virginia had no color of jurisdiction. England claimed all North America, in virtue of the discovery of Cabot; and Sir Thomas Dale became the self-constituted champion of British rights,

not the less zealous that his championship promised a harvest of booty.

Accordingly, Argall set sail again, razed some French buildings at Mount Desert, on the island of St. Croix, and at Port Royal, forcing Biencourt to surrender at the latter settlement. His work done, and, as he thought, the French settlements of Acadia effectually blotted out, he then set sail for Virginia, and reached his port in safety, having first, it is said, compelled the Dutch at Manhattan to acknowledge for a time the sovereignty of King James.

But in spite of their reverses, the French kept hold on Acadia. Biencourt, partially at least, rebuilt Port Royal; while winter after winter the smoke of fur traders' huts curled into the still, sharp air of these frosty wilds, till at length, with happier auspices, plans of settlement were resumed.

Rude hands strangled the "Northern Paraguay" in its birth. Its beginnings had been feeble, but behind were the forces of the mighty organization of the Jesuits, at once devoted and ambitious, enthusiastic and

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calculating. Seven years later the "Mayflower" landed her emigrants at Plymouth. What would have been the issues had the zeal of the pious lady of honor preoccupied New England with a Jesuit colony?

In an obscure stroke of lawless violence began the strife of France and England, Protestantism and Rome, which for a century and a half shook the struggling communities of North America, and closed at last in the memorable triumph on the Plains of Abraham.¹

CHAPTER II

THE OLD RÉGIME IN CANADA

(1643-1763)

THE peopling of Canada in early times was due in the main to the King, Louis XIV¹ of France. Before his accession, the entire population — priests, nuns, traders, and settlers — did not exceed twenty-five hundred; but scarcely had he reached his majority when the shipment of men to the colony was systematically begun.

The destined immigrants — mainly peasants — were collected by agents in the provinces, conducted to Dieppe or Rochelle, and thence embarked. Officers and soldiers of the army, also, were offered inducements to

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remain and settle in Canada after their terms of service there had expired. This military colonization had a strong and lasting influence on the character of the Canadian people.

In order that the colony might grow from within, the new settlers were provided with wives. For some years previous to the King's accession the Sulpitians,¹ a religious order, had sent out young women for the supply at Montreal; and the King, on a larger scale, continued the benevolent work. Girls for the colony were taken from the hospitals of Paris and of Lyons, which were not so much hospitals for the sick as houses of refuge for the poor. Complaints, however, were soon heard that women from cities made indifferent partners, and peasant girls were therefore sent. Officers as well as men wanted wives; and Talon,² the intendant,³ asked for a consignment of young ladies. His request was promptly answered. In 1667, he writes, "They sent us eighty-four girls from Dieppe and twenty-five from Rochelle; among them were fifteen or twenty

of pretty good birth; several of them are really demoiselles, and tolerably well brought up."

The young women were shipped to Quebec, in charge of a matron employed and paid for by the King. They were submitted together to the inspection of the suitor, and the awkward young peasant or the rugged soldier of Carignan¹ was required to choose a bride without delay from among the anxious candidates. They, on their part, were permitted to reject any applicant who displeased them; and the first question, we are told, which most of them asked, was whether the suitor had a house and a farm.

Bounties were offered on early marriages. Twenty livres² were given to every youth who married before the age of twenty, and to every girl who married before the age of sixteen. This, which was called the "King's gift," was exclusive of the dowry given by him to every girl brought over by his orders. The dowry varied greatly in form and value. It was sometimes a house with provisions for eight months. More often it was fifty

livres in household supplies, besides a barrel or two of salted meat.

The royal solicitude extended also to the children of colonists already established. Any father of a family who, without showing good cause, neglected to marry his children when they had reached the ages of twenty and sixteen, was fined. Orders were issued, a little before the arrival of the yearly ships from France, that all single men should marry within a fortnight after the landing of the prospective brides. No mercy was shown to the obdurate bachelor. Talon issued an order forbidding unmarried men to hunt, fish, trade with the Indians, or go into the woods under any pretext whatever. In short, they were made as miserable as possible. The success of these measures was complete. "No sooner," says Mother Mary, "have the vessels arrived than the young men go to get wives; and, by reason of the great number, they are married by thirties at a time."

The spirit of absolutism¹ was everywhere apparent. "It is of very great conse-

quence," writes an intendant, "that the people should not be left at liberty to speak their minds." Hence public meetings were jealously restricted. All classes were prostrate alike in flat subjection to the royal will. They were not free even to go home to France; no inhabitant of Canada, man or woman, could do so without leave. And several intendants express their belief that without this precaution there would soon be a falling off in the population.

In reading the voluminous correspondence of governors and intendants, the minister and the King, nothing is more apparent than the interest with which, in the early part of his reign, Louis XIV regarded his colony. One of the faults of his rule is the excess of his benevolence; for not only did he give money to support parish priests, build churches, and aid the seminary, the Ursulines,¹ the missions, and the hospitals; but he established a fund destined, among other objects, to relieve needy persons; subsidized nearly every branch of trade and industry; and in other instances did for the colonists

what they would far better have learned to do for themselves.

In trade the spirit of restriction and monopoly had ruled from the beginning. Merchants not resident in the colony were forbidden all trade, direct or indirect, with the Indians. They were also forbidden to sell any goods at retail except in August, September, and October; to trade anywhere in Canada above Quebec, or to sell clothing or domestic articles ready-made. No person, resident or not, could trade with the English colonies. Foreign trade of any kind was stiffly prohibited.

For a long time the ships from France went home empty, except a favored few which carried furs, or occasionally a load of dried peas or of timber. The colony, drawing everything from France and returning little besides beaver skins, remained under a load of debt. French merchants were discouraged, and shipments from France languished.

The besetting evil of trade and industry in Canada was the habit they contracted,

and were encouraged to contract, of depending on the direct aid of government. Not a new enterprise was set on foot without a petition to the King to lend a helping hand. Governors and intendants are so many sturdy beggars for the languishing colony. "Send us money to build storehouses." "Send us a teacher to make sailors of our young men." "We want a surgeon; there is none in Canada who can set a bone." "Send us some iron-workers to work our mines." "Our Canadians need aid and instruction in their fisheries; they need pilots." Rarely was the desired help refused. Louis XIV well earned the title of Father of New France.

We have seen the settler landed and married; let us follow him to his new home. Large seigniorial grants were given to officers, who in their turn granted out the land to the soldiers, reserving a sufficient portion as their own. The officer thus became a kind of feudal chief, and the whole settlement a permanent military cantonment admirably suited for the defence of Canada against

Iroquois incursions.¹ The disbanded soldier was practically a soldier still, but he was also a farmer and a land-holder.

Wherever the settlers were allowed to choose for themselves, they ranged their dwellings along the water-courses. With the exception of Talon's villages,² near Quebec, one could have seen nearly every house in Canada by paddling a canoe up the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu. For a year or two the settler's initiation was a rough one; but **when** he had a few acres under tillage he could support himself and his family on the produce, aided by hunting, if he knew how to use a gun, and by the bountiful profusion of eels which the St. Lawrence never failed to yield in their season, and which, smoked or salted, supplied his larder for months.

In winter he hewed timber, sawed planks, or split shingles for the market of Quebec, obtaining in return such necessities as he required. With thrift and hard work he was sure of comfort at last; but the former habits of the military settlers and of many of the others were not favorable to a routine

of dogged industry. The sameness and solitude of their new life often became insufferable; nor, married as they had been, was the domestic hearth likely to supply much consolation, yet, thrifty or not, they multiplied apace. "A poor man," says Mother Mary, "will have eight children and more, who run about in winter with bare heads and bare feet and a little jacket on their backs, live on nothing but bread and eels, and on that grow fat and stout." With such treatment the weaker sort died, but the strong survived; and out of this rugged nursing sprang the hardy Canadian race of bush-rangers and bush-fighters.

The Canadian priests held the manners of the colony under a rule as rigid as that of the Puritan churches of New England,—though with the difference that in Canada a large part of the population were restive under their control. In one respect this Canadian Church militant achieved a complete success. Heresy was scourged out of the colony. A community more free from positive heterodoxy perhaps never existed on

earth. This exemption cost no bloodshed. What it did cost we may better judge hereafter.

The most important persons in a parish were the curé, the seignior, and the militia captain. The Canadian curé was more a missionary than a parish priest. To set up his altar in a room of a rugged log-cabin; say mass, hear confession, impose penance, grant absolution; repeat the office of the dead over a grave made weeks before; baptize, perhaps, the last infant; marry some pair; catechize as well as time and circumstance would permit the shy but turbulent brood of some former wedlock,—such was the work of the parish priest in the remoter districts.

All summer the curés paddled their canoes from settlement to settlement; and in winter they toiled on snow-shoes over the drifts, while the servant carried the portable chapel on his back, or dragged it on a sledge. The curé rarely had a home of his own, but boarded in that of the seignior or one of the habitants. The splendid self-devotion of the

early Jesuit missions has its record; so, too, have the unseemly bickerings of bishops and governors. But the patient toils of the missionary curé are buried from age to age.

Canadian society formed itself upon the feudal system.¹ The seignior was usually the immediate vassal of the Crown, from which he had received his land gratuitously. In a few cases he made grants to other seigniors inferior in the feudal scale, and they, his vassals, granted in turn to their vassals, — the habitants, or cultivators of the soil. Sometimes the habitant held directly from the Crown, in which case there was no step between the highest and the lowest degrees of the feudal scale. The seignior was obliged to clear his land within a limited time on pain of forfeiting it. If he could not clear it all himself, he must grant it without price, on condition of a small perpetual rent. These, payments, known as *cens et rente*, were in the early period of the colony almost ludicrously small. A common charge at Montreal was half a sou and half a pint of wheat for each arpent.² Sometimes the rent

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was paid in live fowls; so that on pay-day the seignior's barnyard presented an animated scene. Payment was commonly made on St. Martin's day, when there was a general muster of tenants at the seigniorial mansion, with a prodigious consumption of tobacco and a corresponding retail of neighborhood gossip, joined to the outcries of the captive fowls bundled together for delivery, with legs tied, but throats at full liberty.

August, September, and October were busy months at Quebec. Then the ships from France discharged their lading, the shops and warehouses of the lower town were filled with goods, and the habitants came to town to make their purchases. When the frosts began, the vessels sailed away, the streets were silent again, and like ants or squirrels the people set to work to lay in their winter stores. Fathers of families packed their cellars with beets, carrots, potatoes, and cabbages; and, at the end of autumn, with meat, fowls, game, fish, and eels, all frozen to stony hardness. Most of the shops closed, and the long season of leisure and amuse-

ment began. New Year's Day brought visits and mutual gifts. Thence till Lent dinner-parties were frequent, sometimes familiar and sometimes ceremonious. The governor's little court at the château¹ was a standing example to all the aspiring spirits of Quebec, and forms and orders of precedence were in some houses punctiliously observed. The wives and daughters of the burghers of Quebec are said to have been superior in manners to women of the corresponding class in France. "They have wit," says an observer, "delicacy, good voices, and a great fondness for dancing."

So much for the town. In the country parishes, there was the same autumnal stowing away of frozen vegetables, meat, fish, and eels, and unfortunately the same surfeit of leisure through five months of the year. During the seventeenth century, many of the people were so poor that women were forced to keep at home from sheer want of winter clothing. Nothing, however, could prevent their running from house to house to exchange gossip with their neighbors,

who all knew one another, and having nothing else to do, discussed each other's affairs with an industry which often bred bitter quarrels. At a later period, a more general introduction of family weaving and spinning served at once to furnish clothing and to promote domestic peace.

Under a genuine feudalism, the ownership of land conferred nobility; but all this was changed in Canada. The King and not the soil was now the parent of honor. Half the seigniories were in *roturier* or plebeian hands, and in course of time some of them came into possession of persons of very humble degrees of the social scale. A seigniori could be bought and sold, and a trader or a thrifty habitant might, and often did, become the buyer. Thus Jacques Le Ber, the merchant, who had long kept a shop at Montreal, got himself made a "gentleman" for six thousand livres. All Canada soon became infatuated with noblesse; and country and town, merchant and seignior, vied with each other for the quality of gentil-homme. If they could not get it, they often

pretended to have it, and aped its ways with the zeal of Monsieur Jourdain¹ himself.

The intendant Duchesneau writes: "Many of our gentilhommes, officers and other owners of seigniories, lead what in France is called the life of a country gentleman, and spend most of their time in hunting and fishing. As their requirements in food and clothing are greater than those of the simple habitants, and as they do not devote themselves to improving their land, they mix themselves up in trade, run in debt on all hands, incite their young habitants to range the woods, and send their own children there to trade for furs in the Indian villages and in the depths of the forest, in spite of the prohibition of his Majesty. Yet, with all this, they are in miserable poverty." "Pride and sloth," said another intendant, "are the great faults of the people of Canada, and especially of the nobles and those who pretend to be such. I pray you grant no more letters of nobility, unless you want to multiply beggars."

Even when most willing to work, the posi-

tion of a gentilhomme was a painful one. He was not a good shopkeeper, nor, as a rule, was the shopkeeper's vocation very lucrative in Canada. Unless the gentilhomme could gain a post under the Crown, which was rarely the case, he was as complete a political cipher as the meanest habitant. His rents were practically nothing, and he had no capital to improve his seigniorial estate. By a peasant's work he could gain a peasant's living, and this was all. The prospect was not inspiring. It is no matter of wonder that he threw himself into the only field of action which in time of peace was open to him. It was trade, but trade seasoned by adventure and ennobled by danger, defiant of edict and ordinance, outlawed, conducted in arms among forests and savages; in short, it was the Western fur-trade.

From first to last Canada lived chiefly on beaver skins. The government tried without ceasing to control and regulate this traffic, but it never succeeded. It aimed, above all things, to bring the trade home to the colonists; to prevent them from going to the

Indians, and induce the Indians to come to them.

To this end a great annual fair was established by order of the King at Montreal. Thither every summer a host of savages came down from the lakes in their bark canoes. A place was assigned them at a little distance from the town. There on the next day the trade began. Merchants of high and low degree brought up their goods from Quebec, and every inhabitant of Montreal, of any substance, sought a share in the profit. The scene abounded in those contrasts — not always edifying, but always picturesque — which mark the whole course of French-Canadian history. Here was a throng of Indians armed with bows and arrows, war-clubs, or the cheap guns of the trade — some of them being completely naked, except for the feathers on their heads and the paint on their faces; French bush-rangers tricked out with savage finery; merchants and habitants in their coarse and plain attire, and the grave priests of St. Sulpice¹ robed in black. Order and sobriety were their watchwords; but the

wild gathering was beyond their control. The prohibition to sell brandy could rarely be enforced; and the fair ended at times in a pandemonium of drunken frenzy.

A similar fair was established at Three Rivers, for the Algonquin tribes north of that place. But these yearly markets did not fully answer the desired object. There was a constant tendency among the inhabitants of Canada to form settlements above Montreal, in order to intercept the Indians on their way down, drench them with brandy, and get their furs from them at low rates in advance of the fair.

But this was not all. Out of the beaver trade rose a huge evil, baneful to the growth and the morals of Canada. All that was most active and vigorous in the colony took to the woods, and escaped from the control of intendants, councils, and priests, to the savage freedom of the wilderness. Not only were the possible profits great, but in the pursuit of them, there was a fascinating element of adventure and danger. The bush-rangers or *coureurs de bois*¹ were to the

King an object of horror. They defeated his plans for the increase of the population, and shocked his native instinct of discipline and order. Edict after edict was directed against them; and more than once the colony presented the extraordinary spectacle of the greater part of its young men turned into forest outlaws.

But severity was dangerous. The offenders might be driven over to the English, or converted into a lawless banditti, renegades of civilization and the faith. Therefore, clemency alternated with harshness, and declarations of amnesty with edicts of proscription. Neither threats nor blandishments were of much avail. We hear of seigniories abandoned; farms turning again into forests; wives and children left in destitution.

The exodus of the *coureur de bois* would take, at times, the character of an organized movement. The famous Du Lhut¹ is said to have made a general combination of the young men of Canada to follow him into the woods. Their plan was to be absent four years, in order that the edicts against them

might have time to relent. The intendant Duchesneau reported that eight hundred men out of a population of less than ten thousand souls had vanished from sight in the immensity of a boundless wilderness. Whereupon the King ordered that any person going into the woods without a license should be whipped and branded for the first offense and sent for life to the galleys for the second. The order was more easily given than enforced. "All has been in vain," writes Duchesneau, "inasmuch as some of the most considerable families are interested with them, and the governor lets them go — even share their profits."

On the Great Lakes, in the waters of the Northwest, on the Mississippi and the plains beyond, we find the roving gentilhomme, chief of a gang of bush-rangers, often his own habitants, — sometimes proscribed by the government, sometimes leagued in contraband traffic with its highest officials; a hardy vidette of civilization, tracing unknown streams, piercing unknown forests, trading, fighting, negotiating, and building

forts. Again we find him on the shores of Acadia or Maine, surrounded by Indian retainers, a menace and a terror to the neighboring English colonist. Saint-Castin,¹ Du Lhut, La Durantaye, La Salle,² La Mothe-Cadillac,³ Iberville,⁴ Bienville,⁵ La Verendrye, are names that stand conspicuous on the page of half-savage romance that refreshes the hard and practical annals of American colonization. But a more substantial debt is due to their memory. It was they, and such as they, who discovered the Ohio, explored the Mississippi to its mouth, discovered the Rocky Mountains, and founded Detroit, St. Louis, and New Orleans.

No wonder that a year or two of bush-ranging spoiled men for civilization. Though not often a very valuable member of society, and though a thorn in the side of princes and rulers, the *coureur de bois* had his uses, at least from an artistic point of view; and his strange figure, sometimes brutally savage, but oftener marked with the lines of a dare-devil courage, and a reckless, thoughtless gayety, will always be joined to

the memories of that grand world of the woods which the nineteenth century is fast civilizing out of existence.

But even in his earliest day, the gentilhomme was not always in evil plight where we have found him. Some adapted themselves to soil and situation, took root, grew, and became more Canadian than French. As population increased, their seigniories began to earn appreciable returns, and their reserved domains became worth cultivating. A future dawned upon them; they saw in hope their names, their seigniorial estates, their manor-houses, their tenantry, passing to their children and their children's children. The beggared noble of the early time became a sturdy country gentleman, — poor, but not wretched; ignorant of books, except possibly a few scraps of rusty Latin picked up in a Jesuit school; hardy as the hardiest woodsman, yet never forgetting his quality of gentilhomme; scrupulously wearing its badge the sword, and copying as well as he could the fashions of the court, which glowed on his vision across the sea in all the efful-

gence of Versailles, and beamed with reflected ray from the Chateau of Quebec. He was at home among his tenants, at home among the Indians, and never more at home than when, a gun in his hand and a crucifix on his breast, he took the war-path with a crew of painted savages and Frenchmen almost as wild, and pounced like a lynx from the forest on some lonely farm or outlying hamlet of New England. How New England hated him, let her records tell. The reddest blood-streak on her old annals mark the track of the Canadian gentilhomme.

CHAPTER III

THE ATTACK ON DEERFIELD

(1704)

THE war which in the British colonies was called Queen Anne's War, and in England the War of the Spanish Succession, was the second of a series of four conflicts which ended in giving to Great Britain a maritime and colonial preponderance over France and Spain. So far as concerns the colonies and the sea, these several wars may be regarded as a single protracted one, broken by intervals of truce. The three earlier of them, it is true, were European contests, begun and waged on European disputes. Their American part was incidental and apparently subordinate, yet it involved questions of prime importance in the history of the world.

The War of the Spanish Succession sprang from the ambition of Louis XIV. Louis placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, and insulted England by acknowledging as her rightful King the son of James II, whom she had deposed. Then (in 1702) England declared war. In America, the whole burden of this war fell upon New England, or rather upon Massachusetts, with its outlying district of Maine and its small and weak neighbor, New Hampshire.

For untold ages Maine had been one unbroken forest, and it was so still. It has and still has its beasts of prey, wolves, bears, wolverines, lynx, and cougar; but the human denizens of this wilderness were no less fierce and far more dangerous. These were the various tribes and sub-tribes of the Abenakis,¹ whose villages were on the Saco, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, and the other great watercourses. Most of them had been converted by the Jesuits, and some had been persuaded to remove to Canada, like the converted Iroquois of Caughnawaga.² The rest remained in their native haunts, where,

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under the direction of their missionaries, they could be used to keep the English settlements in check.

They had busily plied their tomahawks in William and Mary's War¹ and had made havoc among the scattered settlements of the border. When war was declared in 1702, the Abenakis again assumed a threatening attitude. Murders and burnings along the borders continued with little variety and little interruption during ten years. In the winter of 1704 occurred a typical one of these attacks, the Deerfield massacre, the story of which may serve, in this history, as an example of others even more tragic.

Deerfield was an unoffending hamlet, on the extreme northwestern frontier of Massachusetts, that from its position could never be a menace to the French, and the destruction of which could profit them nothing. Vaudreuil,² however, the Governor of Canada, had his reasons for sending a large war-party there. "I have sent no war-party towards Albany," he writes, "because we must do nothing that might cause a rupture

between us and the Iroquois; but we must keep things astir in the direction of Boston, or else the Abenakis will declare for the English." In short, the object was fully to commit these savages to hostility against New England, and convince them at the same time that the French would back their quarrel.

The party consisted, according to French accounts, of fifty Canadians and two hundred Abenakis and Caughnawagas, — the latter of whom, while trading constantly with Albany, were rarely averse to a raid against Massachusetts or New Hampshire. The command was given to the younger Hertel de Rouville,¹ who was accompanied by four of his brothers. They began their march in the depth of winter, journeyed nearly three hundred miles on snow-shoes through the forest, and approached their destination on the afternoon of the 28th of February, 1704. Rouville halted his followers at a place now called Petty's Plain, two miles from the village; and here, under the shelter of a pine forest, they all lay hidden, shivering with cold — for

they dared not make fires — and hungry as wolves, for their provisions were spent. Though their numbers, by the lowest account, were nearly equal to the whole population of Deerfield — men, women and children — they had no thought of an open attack, but trusted to darkness and surprise for an easy victory.

Deerfield stood on a plateau above the river meadows, and the houses, — forty-one in all — were chiefly along the road towards the villages of Hadley and Hatfield, a few miles distant. On the night of the attack there were in all the settlement a little less than three hundred souls. One of the principal inhabitants of the village was John Williams, the minister, a man of character and education, who, after graduating at Harvard, had come to Deerfield when it was still suffering under the ruinous effects of King Philip's War,¹ and entered on his ministry with a salary of sixty pounds in depreciated New England currency, payable, not in money, but in wheat, Indian corn, and pork. His parishioners built him a house, he married, and had now eight children, one of

whom was absent with friends at Hadley.

Heavy snows had lately fallen and buried the clearings, the meadow and the frozen river to the depth of full three feet. On the north-western side the drifts were piled nearly to the top of the palisade fence, so that it was no longer an obstruction to the active enemy.

As the afternoon waned, the sights and sounds of the little border hamlet were, no doubt, like those of any other rustic New England village at the end of a winter day, — an ox-sledge creaking on the frosty snow as it brought in the last load of firewood, boys in homespun snowballing one another in the village street, farmers feeding their horses and cattle in the barns, a matron drawing a pail of water with the help of one of those long well-sweeps still used in remote districts, or a girl bringing in a pail of milk from the cow-shed.

In the houses, where one room served as kitchen, dining-room, and parlor, the housewife cooked the evening meal, children sat at their bowls of mush and milk, and the men

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of the family, their day's work over, gathered about the fire, while perhaps some village coquette sat in the corner with fingers busy at the spinning-wheel, and ears intent on the stammered wooing of her rustic lover. Deerfield kept early hours, and it is likely that by nine o'clock all were in their beds. There was a patrol inside the palisade, but there was little discipline among these extemporized soldiers; the watchers grew careless as the frosty night went on; and it is said that towards morning they, like the villagers, betook themselves to their beds.

Reuville and his men, savage with hunger, lay shivering under the pines till about two hours before dawn; then, leaving their packs and their snow-shoes behind, they moved cautiously towards their prey. There was a crust on the snow strong enough to bear their weight, though not to prevent a rustling noise as it crunched under the feet of so many men. It is said that from time to time Reuville commanded a halt, in order that the sentinels, if such there were, might mistake the distant sound for rising and falling gusts

of wind. In any case, no alarm was given till they had mounted the palisade and dropped silently into the unconscious village. Then with one accord they screeched the war-whoop, and assailed the doors of the houses with axes and hatchets.

The hideous din startled the minister, Williams, from his sleep. Half-wakened, he sprang out of bed, and saw dimly a crowd of savages bursting through the shattered door. He shouted to two soldiers who were lodged in the house; and then, with more valor than discretion, snatched a pistol that hung at the head of the bed, cocked it, and snapped it at the breast of the foremost Indian, who proved to be a Caughnawaga chief. It missed fire, or Williams would no doubt have been killed on the spot. Amid the screams of his terrified children, three of the party seized him and bound him fast; for they had come well provided with cords, since prisoners had a market value.

They kept Williams shivering in his shirt for an hour while a frightful uproar of yells, shrieks, and gunshots sounded from without.

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At length they permitted him, his wife, and five remaining children, (two had been murdered) to dress themselves. Meanwhile the Indians and their allies burst into most of the houses in the village, killed such of the men as resisted, butchered some of the women and children, and seized and bound the rest. Some of the villagers escaped in the confusion, and either fled half dead with cold towards Hatfield, or sought refuge in the fortified house of a neighbor.

Having collected all their prisoners, the main body of the French and Indians began to withdraw towards the pine forest, where they had left their packs and snow-shoes, and to prepare for a retreat before the country should be roused, first murdering in cold blood Marah Carter, a little girl of five years, whom they probably thought unequal to the march. Couriers had been sent to rouse the country, and before evening of the next day the force at Deerfield was increased to two hundred and fifty; but a thaw and warm rain had set in, and as few of the men had snow-shoes, pursuit was out of the question.

Even could the agile savages and their allies have been overtaken, the probable consequence would have been the murdering of the captives to prevent their escape.

The prisoners were the property of those who had taken them. Williams had two masters. His principal owner was a surly fellow who would not let him speak to the other prisoners; but as he was presently chosen to guard the rear, the minister was left in the hands of his other master, who allowed him to walk beside his wife and help her on her way. She was not strong, and was in no condition for such a march. Their intercourse was short. The Indian who had gone to the rear of the train soon returned, separated them, ordered Williams to the front, "and so made me take a last farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes and companion in many mercies and afflictions." Soon after she fell from weakness in an icy stream, when the savage who owned her killed her with one stroke of his hatchet. Her body was left on the trail till a few of her townsmen, who had followed the trail,



H. P. W.

The Return from Deerfield

found it a day or two after, carried it back to Deerfield, and buried it in the churchyard.

On the fourth day of the march they came to the mouth of West River, which enters the Connecticut a little above the present town of Brattleboro. At this place dog-trains and sledges had been left, and these served to carry their wounded, as well as some of the captive children. This was partly, perhaps, through kindness, but also because every child had its price. The march now continued with pitiless speed up the frozen Connecticut, where the recent thaw had covered the ice with slush and water ankle-deep.

On Sunday they made a halt, and the minister was permitted to preach a sermon from the text, "Hear, all my people, and behold my sorrow; my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity." Then, amid the ice, the snow, the forest, and the savages, his forlorn flock joined their voices in a psalm.

Two hundred miles of wilderness still lay between them and the Canadian settlements. It was a waste without a house or even a wigwam, except here and there the bark shed

of some savage hunter. At the mouth of White River, the party divided into small bands, — no doubt in order to subsist by hunting, for provisions were fast failing. The Williams family were separated. Stephen was carried up the Connecticut; Samuel and Eunice, with two younger children, were carried off in various direction; while the wretched father, along with two small children of one of his parishioners, was compelled to follow his Indian masters up the valley of the White River. One of the children — a little girl — was killed on the next morning by her Caughnawaga owner, who was unable to carry her. On the next Sunday the minister was left in camp with one Indian and the surviving child, — a boy of nine, — while the rest of the party were hunting. “My spirit,” he says, “was almost overwhelmed within me.” But he found comfort in the text, “Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.”

Nor was his hope deceived. His youngest surviving child, — a boy of four — though

harshly treated by his owners, was carried on their shoulders or dragged on a sledge to the end of the journey. His youngest daughter — seven years old — was treated with great kindness throughout. Samuel and Eunice suffered much from hunger, but were dragged on sledges when too faint to walk. Stephen nearly starved to death; but after eight months in the forest, he safely reached, with his Indian masters, the French outpost of Chambly, twelve miles from Montreal.

Williams, though almost overcome with innumerable hardships, at length with his masters also reached Chambly. Here he was treated with great kindness both by the officers of the fort and by the inhabitants, one of the chief among whom lodged him in his house and welcomed him to his table. After a short stay there he was taken by the Indians to Sorel. Here there was a fort, in which lived two Jesuits, directors of the mission, and here Williams found several English children, captured the summer before during the raid on the settlements of Maine,

and already transformed into little Indians both in dress and behavior.

At the gate of the fort one of the Jesuits met him, and asked him to go into the church and give thanks to God for sparing his life, to which he replied that he would give thanks in some other place. When on the next day the bell rang for mass, one of his Indian masters seized him and dragged him into the church, where he got behind the door and watched the service from his retreat with extreme disapproval. His chief master, who was a zealot in his way, one day ordered him to make the sign of the cross, and on his refusal, tried to force him. But as the minister was tough and muscular, the Indian could not guide his hand. Then, pulling out a crucifix that hung at his neck, he told Williams in broken English to kiss it; and being again refused, he brandished the hatchet over him and threatened to knock out his brains. This failing of the desired effect, he threw down the hatchet and said he would first bite out the minister's finger-nails, — a form of torture then in vogue among the

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northern Indians, both converts and heathen. Williams offered him a hand and invited him to begin; on which he gave the thumb-nail a gripe with his teeth, and then let it go, saying, "No good minister, bad as the devil." The failure seems to have discouraged him, for he made no further attempt to convert his prisoner.

Williams was the most important capture of the year; and the governor of Canada, Vaudreuil, hearing that he was at St. Francis, dispatched a canoe to request the Jesuits of the mission to send him to Montreal. Thither, therefore, his masters carried him, expecting no doubt a good price for their prisoner. Vaudreuil in fact bought him, exchanged his tattered clothes for good ones, lodged him in his house, and, in the words of Williams, "was in all respects relating to my outward man courteous and charitable to admiration." He sent for two of the minister's children who were in the town, bought his eldest daughter from the Indians, and promised to do what he could to get the others out of their hands. Williams' young-

est son was bought by a lady of the place, and his eldest by a merchant. His youngest daughter, Eunice, then seven or eight years old, was at the mission of St. Louis, or Caughnawaga. Vaudreuil sent a priest to conduct Williams thither and try to ransom the child. The Indians, or the missionaries in their name, would not let her go. "She is still there," writes Williams two years later, "and has forgotten to speak English."

Not quite a year after their capture, negotiations were begun to exchange the prisoners. After some difficulty, this was effected. Williams was exchanged for one Baptiste, a so-called pirate whom the English were holding, and two of his children were also redeemed, though the Caughnawagas, or their missionaries, refused to part with his daughter Eunice. Williams says that the priests made great efforts to induce the prisoners to remain in Canada, tempting some with the prospect of pensions from the King, and frightening others with promises of damnation, joined with predictions of shipwreck on

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the way home. He thinks that about one hundred were left in Canada, many of whom were children in the hands of the Indians, who could easily hide them in the woods, and who were known in some cases to have done so.

The exchanged prisoners had been captured at various times and places. Those from Deerfield amounted in all to about sixty, or a little more than half the whole number carried off. Most of the others were dead or converted. Some married Canadians, and others their fellow-captives. The history of some of them can be traced with certainty. Thus, Thomas French, blacksmith and town clerk of Deerfield, and deacon of the church, was captured, with his wife and six children. His wife and infant child were killed on the way to Canada. His daughter Freedom was converted, baptized under the name of Marie Françoise, and married to John Daulnay, a Canadian. His daughter Martha was baptized as Marguerite, and married to Jacques Roy, on whose death she married Jean Louis Menard, by whom she

became ancestress of Joseph Plessis, eleventh bishop of Quebec.

Joanna Kellogg, eleven years old when taken, married a Caughnawaga chief, and became, at all points, an Indian squaw. She was not alone in this strange transformation. Eunice Williams, the namesake of her slaughtered mother, remained in the wigwams of the Caughnawagas, forgot her English and her catechism, was baptized, and in due time married to an Indian of the tribe, who thenceforward called himself Williams. Thus her hybrid children bore her family name.

Her father, who returned to his parish at Deerfield, and her brother Stephen, who became a minister like his parent, never ceased to pray for her return to her country and her faith. Many years after, in 1740, she came with her husband to visit her relatives in Deerfield, dressed as a squaw and wrapped in an Indian blanket. Nothing would induce her to stay, though she was persuaded on one occasion to put on a civilized dress and go to church; after which she impatiently dis-

carded her gown and resumed her blanket. As she was kindly treated by her relatives, and no attempt was made to detain her against her will, she came again in the next year, bringing two of her half-breed children, and twice afterwards repeated the visit. She and her husband were offered a tract of land if they would settle in New England, but she positively refused, saying it would endanger her soul. She lived to a great age, a squaw to the last.¹

CHAPTER IV

THE AMERICAN COMBATANTS

(1745-1755)

BEFORE their conquest the French claimed all America, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and from Mexico and Florida to the North Pole, except only the ill-defined possession of the English to the borders of Hudson Bay; and to these vast regions, with adjacent islands, they gave the general name of New France. They controlled the highways of the continent, for they held its two great rivers. First, they had seized the St. Lawrence, and then planted themselves at the mouth of the Mississippi. Canada at the north, and Louisiana at the south, were the keys of a boundless interior, rich with incalculable possibilities.

I have shown elsewhere¹ the aspects of

Canada, where a stiff shoot of the old European tree was set to grow in the wilderness. The military governor, holding his miniature court on the rock of Quebec; the feudal proprietors, whose domains lined the shores of the St. Lawrence; the peasant; the roving bush-ranger; the half-tamed savage, with crucifix and scalping-knife; priests; friars; nuns; and soldiers, — mingled to form a society the most picturesque on the continent. Whatever Canada had caught of the corruptions of the old civilization, she had caught nothing of its effeminacy. The mass of her people lived in a rude poverty, — not abject, like the peasant of old France, nor ground down by the tax-gatherer; while those of the higher ranks — all more or less engaged in pursuits of war or adventure, and accustomed to rough journeyings and forest exposure — were as rugged as their climate. Even the French regular troops, sent out to defend the colony, caught its hardy spirit, and set an example of stubborn fighting which their comrades at home did not always emulate.

Canada lay ensconced behind rocks and forests. All along her southern boundaries, between her and her English foes, lay a broad tract of wilderness, shaggy with primeval woods. Innumerable streams gurgled beneath their shadows; innumerable lakes gleamed in the mery sunsets; innumerable mountains bared their rocky foreheads to the winds. These wastes were ranged by her savage allies, — Mismacs,¹ Etechemins,² Abenakis, Caughnawagas;³ and no enemy could steal upon her unawares. Through the midst of them stretched Lake Champlain, pointing straight to the heart of the British settlements, — a watery thoroughfare of mutual attack, and the only approach by which, without a long detour by wilderness or sea, a hostile army could come within striking distance of the colony. The French advanced point of Fort Frederic, called Crown Point by the English, barred the narrows of the lake, which thence spread northward to the portals of Canada guarded by Fort St. Jean.

Southwestward, some fourteen hundred miles as a bird flies, and twice as far by the

practicable routes of travel, was Louisiana, the second of the two heads of New France; while between lay the realms of solitude where the Mississippi rolled its sullen tide, and the Ohio wound its belt of silver through the verdant woodlands.

The English colonies, ranged along the Atlantic Coast, had no royal road to the great inland, and were, in a manner, shut between the mountains and the sea. At the middle of the eighteenth century they numbered in all, from Georgia to Maine, about eleven hundred and sixty thousand white inhabitants. By the census of 1754 Canada had but fifty-five thousand. Here is an enormous difference, which grew out of a difference of systems.

It cannot be said too often that, in making Canada a citadel of the State religion, the priestly advisers of the Crown robbed their country of a transatlantic empire. New France could not grow with a priest on guard at the gate to let in none but such as pleased him. One of the ablest of Canadian governors, La Galissonière, seeing the feebleness of

the colony compared with the vastness of its claims, advised the King to send ten thousand peasants to occupy the valley of the Ohio, and hold back the British swarm that was just then pushing its advance guard over the Alleghanies.

It needed no effort of the King to people his waste domain, not with ten thousand peasants, but with twenty times ten thousand Frenchmen of every station, — the most industrious, most instructed, most disciplined by adversity and capable of self-rule, that the country could boast. While La Galissonière was asking for colonists, the agents of the Crown were pouring volleys of musketry into Huguenot congregations, imprisoning for life those innocent of all but their faith, — the men in the galleys, the women in the pestiferous dungeons of Aigues Mortes,¹ — hanging their ministers, kidnapping their children, and reviving, in short the dragonnades.²

Now, as in the past century, many of the victims escaped to the British colonies, and became a part of them. The Huguenots

would have hailed as a boon the permission to emigrate under the fleur-de-lis, and build up a Protestant France in the valleys of the West. It would have been a national glory, would have set bounds to English colonization, and changed the fate of the continent. The opportunity was spurned. France built its best colony on a principle of exclusion, and failed; England reversed the system, and succeeded.

The thirteen British colonies were alike, inasmuch as they all had representative governments, and a basis of English law. But the differences among them were great. The attitude of these various colonies towards each other is hardly conceivable to an American of the present time. They had no political tie except a common allegiance to the British Crown. Communication between them was difficult and slow, by rough roads traced often through primeval forests. Between some of them there was less of sympathy than of jealousy kindled by conflicting interests or perpetual disputes concerning boundaries. The patriotism of the colonist

was bounded by the lines of his government, except in the compact and kindred colonies of New England, which were socially united, though politically distinct. The country of the New Yorker was New York, and the country of the Virginian was Virginia.

Moreover, they were in a state of ceaseless friction with their governors, who represented the King, or what was worse, the feudal proprietary. The occasion of difference mattered little. The quarrel was always present, and was sure to become active at critical moments when harmony was most needed.

In Canada there was no popular legislation to embarrass the central power. The people, like an army, obeyed the word of command, — a military advantage beyond all price.

Divided in government; divided in origin, feelings, and principles; jealous of each other, jealous of the Crown; the people at war with the executive and blinded by internal politics to an outward danger that seemed remote and vague, — such were the conditions under which the British colonies

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drifted into a war that was to decide the fate of the continent.

This was the strife of a united and centered few against a divided and discordant many. It was the strife, too, of the past against the future; of the old against the new; of barren absolutism against liberty.

CHAPTER V

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

(1755)

THE people of the northern English colonies had learned to regard their Canadian neighbors with the bitterest enmity. With them, the very name of Canada called up horrible recollections and ghastly images; the midnight massacre of Schenectady,¹ and the desolation of many a New England hamlet; blazing dwellings and reeking scalps; and children snatched from their mothers' arms, to be immured in convents and trained up in an alien faith.

Hitherto the enemy had waged his murderous warfare from a distance, wasting their settlements with rapid onsets; but now, with enterprising audacity, he was intrenching

himself on their very borders. The English hunter, in the lonely wilderness of Vermont, as by the warm glow of sunset he piled the spruce boughs for his woodland bed, started as a deep, low sound struck faintly on his ear, the evening gun of Fort Frederic, booming over lake and forest. The erection of this fort, better known among the English as Crown Point, was a piece of daring encroachment which justly kindled resentment in the northern colonies. Disputes, too, arose concerning Acadia, where the French and English forces began to assume a belligerent attitude and indulge their ill blood in mutual aggression and reprisal. But in the west¹ interests of far greater moment were at stake.

In the spring of 1753, the middle provinces were startled at the tidings that French troops had crossed Lake Erie, fortified themselves at the point of Presqu'Isle,² and pushed forward to the northern branches of the Ohio. Upon this, Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia resolved to dispatch a message requiring their removal from territories which

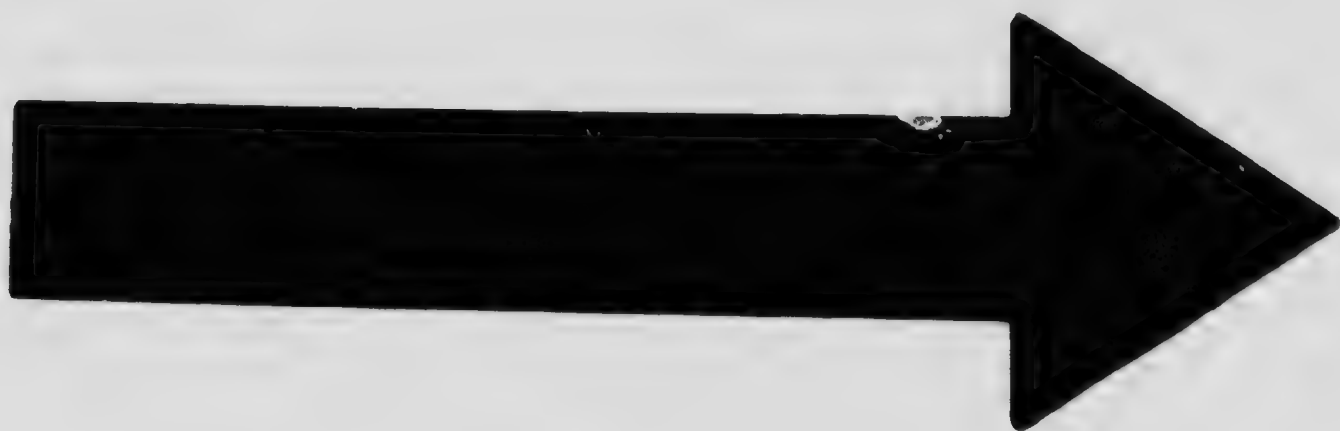
he claimed as belonging to the British Crown; and to carry this message he picked out the young George Washington, then twenty-one years of age and adjutant-general of the Virginia militia. Washington pushed through the forests and delivered his message to St. Pierre, commanding officer at Venango, the advanced post of the French. He returned with an unsatisfactory answer; and for some time the territory remained in the hands of the French.

Meanwhile, during the summer of 1754, delegates of the several provinces met at Albany to concert measures of defence in the war which now seemed inevitable. It was at this meeting that the memorable plan of a union of the colonies was brought forward; a plan, the fate of which was curious and significant, for the crown rejected it as giving too much power to the people, and the people as giving too much power to the crown.

The courts of London and Versailles still maintained a diplomatic intercourse, both protesting their earnest wish that their conflicting claims might be adjusted by friendly

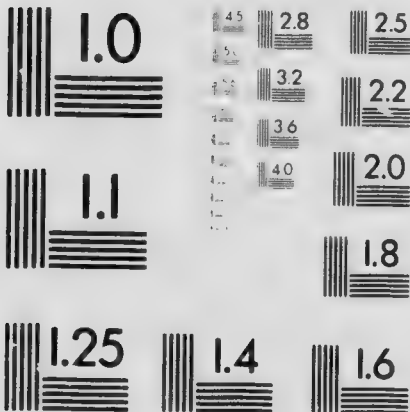
negotiation; but while each disclaimed the intention of hostility, both were hastening to prepare for war. Early in 1755 an English fleet sailed from Cork, having on board two regiments destined for Virginia, and commanded by General Braddock; and soon after, a French fleet put to sea freighted with munitions of war and a strong body of troops under Baron Dieskau.

Before the declaration of war and the breaking off of negotiations between the courts of France and England, the English ministry formed the plan of assailing the French in America on all sides at once, and repelling them, by one bold push, from all their encroachments. A provincial army was to advance upon Acadia, a second was to attack Crown Point, and a third Niagara; while the two regiments which had lately arrived in Virginia under General Braddock, together with a strong body of provincials, were to dislodge the French from their newly built fort of Duquesne.¹ To Braddock was assigned the chief command of all the British forces in America; and a person worse fitted



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for the office could scarcely have been found. His experience had been ample, and none could doubt his courage; but he was profligate, arrogant, perverse, and a bigot to military rules. Benjamin Franklin, who had a good opportunity of knowing him, says: "This general was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a good figure in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence; too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops; too mean a one of both French and Indians."

On Braddock's arrival in Virginia he called together the governors of the several provinces, in order to explain his instructions and adjust the details of the projected operations. These arrangements complete, Braddock advanced to the borders of Virginia, and formed his camp at Fort Cumberland, where he spent several weeks in training the raw backwoodsmen, who joined him, into such discipline as they seemed capable of. The general had little hope of them, and said that "their languid and slothful disposition renders them very unfit for military

service"—a point on which he lived to change his mind. More time was spent in collecting horses and wagons,¹ which could only be had with the outmost difficulty; in railing at the contractors, who scandalously cheated him; and in venting his anger by copious abuse of the country and the people. At length all was ready, and early in June, 1755, the army left civilization behind, and struck into the broad wilderness as a squadron puts out to sea.

Three hundred axe-men led the way, to cut and clear the road; and the long train of pack-horses, wagons, and cannon toiled on behind, over the stump, roots, and stones of the narrow track, the regulars and provincials marching in the forest close on either side. Squads of men were thrown out on the flanks, and scouts ranged the woods to guard against surprise; for, with all his scorn of Indians and Canadians, Braddock did not neglect reasonable precautions. Thus, foot by foot, they advanced into the waste of lonely mountains that divided the streams flowing into the Atlantic from those flowing

to the Gulf of Mexico, — a realm of forests ancient as the world. The road was but twelve feet wide, and the line of march often extended four miles. It was like a thin, long, parti-colored snake, red, blue, and brown, trailing slowly through the depth of leaves, creeping round inaccessible heights, crawling over ridges, moving always in dampness and shadow, by rivulets and waterfalls, crags and chasms, gorges and shaggy steeps.

On the 8th of July, the advance body of twelve hundred chosen men reached the Monongahela, at a point not far distant from Fort Duquesne. The rocky and impracticable ground on the eastern side debarred their passage, and the general resolved to cross the river in search of a smoother path, and recross it a few miles lower down, in order to gain the fort. The first passage was easily made, and the troops moved, in glittering array, down the western margin of the water, rejoicing that their goal was well-nigh reached, and the hour of their expected triumph close at hand.

Scouts and Indian runners had brought the

tidings of Braddock's approach to the French at Fort Duquesne. Their dismay was great, and Contre-Coeur, the commander, thought only of retreat, when Beaujeu, a captain in the garrison, made the bold proposal of leading out a party of French and Indians to waylay the English in the woods, and harass or interrupt their march. The offer was accepted, and Beaujeu hastened to the Indian camps.

Around the fort and beneath the adjacent forest were the bark lodges of savage hordes, whom the French had mustered from far and near; Ojibwas¹ and Ottawas,² Hurons³ and Caughnawagas, Abenakis, and Delawares.⁴ Beaujeu called the warriors together, flung a hatchet on the ground before them, and invited them to follow him out to battle; but the boldest stood aghast at the peril, and none would accept the challenge. A second interview took place with no better success; but the French officer was resolved to carry his point. "I am determined to go," he exclaimed. "What, will you suffer your father to go alone?" His daring proved conta-

gious. The warriors hesitated no longer; and when, on the morning of the 9th of July, a scout ran in with the news that the English army was but a few miles distant, the Indian camps were at once astir with the turmoil of preparation. Chiefs harangued their yelling followers, braves bedaubed themselves with war-paint, smeared themselves with grease, hung feathers in their scalp-locks, and whooped and stamped till they had wrought themselves into a delirium of valor.

It was past noon of a day brightened with the clear sunlight of an American mid-summer, when the forces of Braddock began, for a second time, to cross the Monongahela at the fording place which to this day bears the name of their ill-fated leader. Men were there whose names have become historic. Gage, who twenty years later saw his routed battalions recoil in disorder from before the breastwork on Bunker Hill; Gates, the future conqueror of Burgoyne; and one destined to a nigher fame, — George Washington, a boy in years, a man in calm thought and self-ruling wisdom.

The movement was made with studied regularity and order. Washington afterwards spoke with admiration of the spectacle. The music, the banners, the mounted officers, the troop of light cavalry, the naval detachment, the red-coated regulars, the blue-coated Virginians, the wagons and tumbrils,¹ cannons, howitzers,¹ and coe-horns,¹ the train of pack-horses, and the droves of cattle, passed in long procession through the rippling shallows of the ford, and slowly entered the bordering forest.

Gage, with his advance column, had just passed a wide and bushy ravine that crossed their path, and the van of the main column was on the point of entering it, when the guides and light horsemen in the front suddenly fell back; and the engineer, Gordon, then engaged in marking out the road, saw a man, dressed like an Indian, but wearing the gorget of an officer, bounding forward along the path. He stopped when he discovered the head of the column, turned, and waved his hat. The forest behind was swarming with French and savages. At the

signal of the officer, who was probably Beaujeu, they yelled the war-whoop, spread themselves from right to left, and opened a sharp fire under cover of the trees.

Gage's column wheeled deliberately into line and fired several volleys with great steadiness against the now invisible assailants. Few of them were hurt; the trees caught the shot, but the noise was deafening under the dense arches of the forest.

The greater part of the Canadians, to borrow the words of Dumas, "fled shamefully, crying *Sauve qui peut!*"¹ Volley followed volley, and at the third Beaujeu dropped dead. Gage's two cannon were now brought to bear, on which the Indians, like the Canadians, gave way in confusion, but did not, like them, abandon the field. The close scarlet ranks of the English were plainly to be seen through the trees and the smoke; they were moving forward, cheering lustily, and shouting, "God save the King!"

Dumas, now chief in command, thought all was lost. "I advanced," he says, "with

the assurance that comes from despair, exciting by voice and gesture the few soldiers that remained. The fire of my platoon was so sharp that the enemy seemed astonished." The Indians, encouraged, began to rally. The French officers held the ground in front, while the savage warriors, screeching their war-cries, swarmed through the forest along both flanks of the English, hid behind trees, bushes and fallen trunks, or crouched in gullies and ravines, and opened a deadly fire on the helpless soldiery, who, themselves completely visible, could see no enemy, and wasted volley after volley on the impassive trees. The invisible death was everywhere, in front, flank, and rear. The British cheer was heard no more. The troops broke their ranks and huddled together in a bewildered mass, shrinking from the bullets that cut them down by scores.

The Virginians alone were equal to the emergency. Fighting behind trees like the Indians themselves, they might have held the enemy in check till order could be restored, had not Braddock, furious at a proceeding

that shocked all his ideas of courage and discipline, ordered them, with oaths, to form into line. A few of the regulars also tried in their clumsy way to fight behind trees, but Braddock beat them with his sword and compelled them to stand with the rest, an open mark for the Indians.

The mob of soldiers, stupefied with terror, stood panting, their foreheads beaded with sweat, loading and firing mechanically, sometimes into the air, sometimes among their own comrades, many of whom they killed.

The ground, strewn with dead and wounded men, the bounding of maddened horses, the clatter and roar of musketry and cannon mixed with the spiteful report of rifles and the yells that rose from the indefatigable throats of six hundred unseen savages, formed a chaos of anguish and terror scarcely paralleled even in Indian war. "I cannot describe the horrors of that scene," one of Braddock's officers wrote three weeks after; "no pen could do it. The yell of the Indians is fresh on my ear, and the terrific

sound will haunt me till the hour of my dissolution."

Braddock showed a furious courage. Mounted on horseback, he dashed to and fro, storming like a madman. Four horses were shot under him, and he mounted a fifth. Washington seconded his chief with equal courage. He escaped as by miracle. Two horses were killed under him, and four bullets tore his clothes. The conduct of the British officers was above praise. Nothing could surpass their undaunted self-devotion; and in their vain attempts to lead on the men, the havoc among them was frightful. Of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or disabled; while out of thirteen hundred and seventy-three non-commissioned officers and privates, only four hundred and fifty-nine came off unharmed.

Braddock, seeing that all was lost, at last commanded a retreat; and as he and such of his officers as were left strove to withdraw the half-frenzied crew in some semblance of order, a bullet struck him down. The gallant bulldog fell from his horse, shot through

the arm into the lungs. He demanded to be left where he was, but Captain Stewart and another provincial bore him between them to the rear.

The remanant of the forces, including the wounded general and his bearers, finally met at the camp of Colonel Dunbar, who was in charge of the rear guard. Orders were given to destroy such of the wagons, stores, and ammunition as could not be carried back at once to Fort Cumberland. Whether Dunbar or the dying general gave these orders is not clear; but it is certain that they were executed with shameful alacrity. More than a hundred wagons were burned; cannon, coehorns, and shells were burst or buried; barrels of gunpowder were staved, and the contents thrown into a brook; provisions were scattered through the woods and swamps. Then the whole command began its retreat over the mountains to Fort Cumberland, sixty miles distant. This proceeding, for which, in view of the condition of Braddock, Dunbar must be held answerable, excited the utmost indignation among the colonists. If

he could not advance, they thought, he might at least have fortified himself and held his ground till the provinces should send him help; thus covering the frontier, and holding French war-parties in check.

Braddock's last moment was near. Orme, his aide-de-camp, told Franklin that he was totally silent all the first day, and at night said only, "Who would have thought it?" that all the next day he was again silent, till at last he muttered, "We shall better know how to deal with them next time," and died a few minutes after. He had nevertheless found breath to give orders for the succor of the men who had dropped on the road. It is said, too, that in his last hours "he could not bear the sight of a red coat," but murmured praises of the "blues", or Virginians, and said that he hoped he should live to reward them. He died about eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday, the thirteenth. Dunbar had begun his retreat that morning, and was then encamped near the Great Meadows. On Monday the dead commander was buried in the road; and men, horses,

and wagons passed over his grave, effacing every sign of it, lest the Indians should find and mutilate the body.

Dunbar retreated to Philadelphia, leaving the fort to be defended by Indians and a few Virginians. Thus the frontier was left unguarded; and soon there burst upon it a storm of blood and fire.

CHAPTER VI

ROBERT ROGERS AND HIS RANGERS

(1755-1759)

AS time went on, the English began to learn the art of forest war, and the partisan chief, Captain Robert Rogers, began to be famous. He was a New Hampshire man,—a strong, well-knit figure, in dress and appearance more woodsman than soldier, with a clear, bold eye, and features that would have been good but for the ungainly proportions of the nose. He had passed his boyhood in the rough surroundings of a frontier village. Growing to manhood, he engaged in some occupation which, he says, led him to frequent journeyings in the wilderness between the French and English settlements, and gave him a good knowledge of both. It taught him also

to speak a little French. He does not disclose the nature of this mysterious employment; but there can be little doubt that it was a smuggling trade with Canada. His character leaves much to be desired. He had been charged with forgery, or complicity in it, seems to have had no scruple in matters of business, and after the war was accused of treasonable dealings with the French and Spaniards in the West. He was ambitious and violent, yet able in more ways than one, by no means uneducated, and so skilled in woodcraft, so energetic and resolute, that his services were invaluable.

During the summer of 1755 he had raised a band of men, chiefly New Hampshire borderers, and made a series of daring excursions which gave him a prominent place in this hardy by-play of war. In the next spring he raised another company, and was commissioned as its captain, with his brother Richard as his first lieutenant, and the intrepid John Stark¹ as his second. In July, still another company was formed, and Richard Rogers was promoted to command it.

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Before the following spring there were seven such; and more were afterwards added, forming a battalion dispersed on various service, but all under the orders of Robert Rogers, with the rank of major. These rangers wore a sort of woodland uniform, which varied in the different companies, and were armed with smooth-bore guns, loaded with buckshot, bullets, or sometimes both.

The best of them were commonly employed on Lake George; and nothing can surpass the adventurous hardihood of their lives. Summer and winter, day and night, were alike to them. Embarked in whale-boats or birch canoes, they glided under the silent moon or in the languid glare of a breathless August day, when the islands floated in dreamy haze, and the hot air was thick with odors of the pine; or in the bright October, that festal evening of the year, when the jay screamed from the woods, squirrels gathered their winter hoard, and congregated black-birds chattered farewell to their summer haunts. Or in the tomb-like silence of the winter forest, with breath frozen on his

beard, the ranger strode on snow-shoes over the spotless drifts; and, like Dürer's knight,¹ a ghastly death stalked ever at his side. There were those among them for whom this stern life had a fascination that made all other existence tame.

During the winter of 1758 the French captain Hebecourt kept watch and ward at Ticonderoga,² and was much plagued by English rangers, who sometimes got into the ditch itself. This was to reconnoitre the place in preparation for a winter attack which Loudon³ had planned, but which, like the rest of his schemes, fell to the ground. Towards midwinter a band of these intruders captured two soldiers and butchered some fifteen cattle close to the fort, leaving tied to the horns of one of them a note addressed to the commandant in these terms: "I am obliged to you, sir, for the rest you have allowed me to take and the fresh meat you have sent me. I shall take good care of my prisoners. My compliments to the Marquis of Montcalm." Signed, Rogers.

A few weeks later Hebecourt had his re-

venge. The rangers had suffered a crushing defeat near Ticonderoga. Colonel Haviland, commanding at Fort Edward, sent a hundred and eighty of them, men and officers, on a scouting party towards Ticonderoga. Rogers commanded the whole. They passed down Lake George on the ice under cover of night, and then, as they neared the French outposts, pursued their way by land behind Rogers Rock and the other mountains of the western shore. On the preceding day, Hebecourt had received a reinforcement of two hundred mission Indians and a body of Canadians. The whole body of Indians, joined by a band of Canadians and number of volunteers from the regulars, warned by scouts of the approach of the rangers, set out to meet the approaching enemy.

Towards three o'clock on the afternoon of that day Rogers had reached a point nearly west of the mountain that bears his name. The rough and rocky ground was buried four feet in snow, and all around stood the gray trunks of the forest, bearing aloft their skeleton arms and tangled intricacy of leafless

twigs. A scout from the front told Rogers that a party of Indians was approaching along the bed of the frozen stream, on which he ordered his men to halt, face to that side, and advance cautiously. The Indians soon appeared, and received a fire that killed some of them and drove back the rest in confusion.

Not suspecting that they were but an advance-guard, about half the rangers dashed in pursuit, and were soon met by the whole body of the enemy. The woods rang with yells and musketry. In a few minutes some fifty of the pursuers were shot down, and the rest driven back in disorder upon their comrades. Rogers formed them all on the slope of the hill; and here they fought till sunset with stubborn desperation, twice repulsing the overwhelming numbers of the assailants and thwarting all their efforts to gain the heights in the rear. The combatants were often not twenty yards apart, and sometimes they were mixed together.

At length a large body of Indians succeeded in turning the right flank of the rangers. Lieutenant Phillips and a few men

were sent by Rogers to oppose the movement; but they quickly found themselves surrounded, and after a brave defence surrendered on a pledge of good treatment. Eight officers and more than a hundred rangers lay dead and wounded in the snow. Evening was near and the forest was darkening fast, when the few survivors broke and fled. Rogers with about twenty followers escaped up the mountain; and gathering others about him, made a running fight against the Indian pursuers, reached Lake George, not without fresh losses, and after two days of misery regained Fort Edward with the remnant of his band. The enemy on their part suffered heavily, the chief loss falling on the Indians; who, to revenge themselves, murdered all the wounded and nearly all the prisoners.

Towards the end of the war Rogers with a band of his rangers was sent to destroy the town of the Abenakis of St. Francis, who had seized two English officers bearing a flag of truce and carried them prisoners to Montreal. These Indians had been settled for

about three quarters of a century on the river St. Francis, a few miles above its junction with the St. Lawrence. They were nominal Christians, and had been under the influence of their missionaries for three generations; but though zealous in their devotion to the forms of Romanism, they remained thorough savages in dress, habits, and character.

They were the scourge of the New England borders, where they surprised and burned farm-houses and small hamlets, killed men, women, and children without distinction, carried others prisoners to their villages, subjected them to the torture of "running the gauntlet," and compelled them to witness dances of triumph around the scalps of parents, children, and friends.

Amherst's instructions to Rogers contained the following: "Remember the barbarities that have been committed by the enemy's Indian scoundrels. Take your revenge, but don't forget that, though these dastardly villians have promiscuously murdered women and children of all ages, it is

my order that no women or children be killed or hurt."

Rogers and his men set out in whaleboats, and, eluding the French armed vessels, then in full activity, came, on the tenth day, to Mississquoi Bay, at the north end of Lake Champlain. Here he hid his boats, leaving two friendly Indians to watch them from a distance, and inform him should the enemy discover them.

He then began his march for St. Francis, when, on the evening of the second day, the two Indians overtook him with the startling news that a party of about four hundred French had found the boats, and that half of them were on his tracks in hot pursuit. It was certain that the alarm would soon be given, and other parties sent to cut him off. He took the bold resolution of out-marching his pursuers, pushing straight for St. Francis, striking it before succor could arrive, and then returning by Lake Memphremagog and the Connecticut.

Accordingly he despatched Lieutenant McMullen by a circuitous route back to

Crown Point, with a request to Amherst that provisions should be sent up the Connecticut to meet him on the way down. Then he set his course for the Indian town, and for nine days more toiled through the forest with desperate energy. Much of the way was through dense spruce swamps, with no dry resting-place at night. At length the party reached the river St. Francis, fifteen miles above the town, and, hooking their arms together for mutual support, forded it with extreme difficulty. Toward evening, Rogers climbed a tree, and descried the town three miles distant.

Accidents, fatigue, and illness had reduced his followers to one hundred and forty-two officers and men. He left them to rest for a time, and, taking with him Lieutenant Turner and Ensign Avery, went to reconnoitre the place; left his two companions, entered it disguised in an Indian dress, and saw the unconscious savages yelling and singing in the full enjoyment of a grand dance.

At two o'clock in the morning he rejoined

his party, and at three led them to the attack, formed them in a semi-circle, and burst in upon the town half an hour before sunrise. Many of the warriors were absent, and the rest were asleep. Some were killed in their beds, and some shot down in trying to escape. "About seven o'clock in the morning," he says, "the affair was completely over, in which time we had killed at least two hundred Indians and taken twenty of their women and children prisoners, fifteen of whom I let go their own way, and five I brought with me, namely, two Indian boys and three Indian girls. I likewise retook five English captives."

English scalps in hundreds were dangling from poles over the doors of the houses. The town was pillaged and burned, not excepting the church, where ornaments of some value were found. On the side of the rangers, Captain Ogden and six men were wounded, and a Mohegan Indian from Stockbridge was killed.

Rogers was told by his prisoners that a party of three hundred French and Indians

was encamped on the river below, and that another party of two hundred and fifteen was not far distant. They had been sent to cut off the retreat of the invaders, but were doubtful as to their designs till after the blow was struck. There was no time to lose. The rangers made all haste southward, up the St. Francis, subsisting on corn from the Indian town; till, near the eastern borders of Lake Memphremagog, the supply failed, and they separated into small parties, the better to sustain life by hunting.

The enemy followed close, attacked Ensign Avery's party, and captured five of them; then fell upon a band of about twenty, under Lieutenants Dunbar and Turner, and killed or captured nearly all. The other bands eluded their pursuers, turned southeastward, reached the Connecticut, some here, some there, and, giddy with fatigue and hunger, toiled wearily down the wild and lonely stream to the appointed rendezvous at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc.

This was the place to which Rogers had requested that provisions might be sent;

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and the hope of finding them there had been the breath of life to the famished wayfarers. To their horror, the place was a solitude. There were fires still burning, but those who had made them were gone. Amherst had sent Lieutenant Stephen up the river with an abundant supply of food; but finding nobody at the Ammonoosuc, he had waited there two days, and then returned, carrying the provisions back with him; for which outrageous conduct he was expelled from the service.

“It is hardly possible,” says Rogers, “to describe our grief and consternation.” Some gave themselves up to despair. Few but their indomitable chief had strength to go further. There was scarcely any game, and the barren wilderness yielded no sustenance but a few lily bulbs and the tubers of the climbing plant called in New England the ground-nut.

Leaving his party to these miserable resources, and promising to send them relief within ten days, Rogers made a raft of dry pine logs, and drifted on it down the stream,

with Captain Ogden, a ranger, and one of the captive Indian boys. They were stopped on the second day by rapids, and gained the shore with difficulty. At the foot of the rapids, while Ogden and the ranger went in search of squirrels, Rogers set himself to making another raft; and, having no strength to use the axe, he burned down the trees, which he then divided into logs by the same process.

Five days after leaving his party, he reached the first English settlement, Charlestown, and immediately sent a canoe with provisions to the relief of the sufferers, following himself with other canoes two days later. Most of the men were saved, though some died miserably of famine and exhaustion. Of the few who had been captured, we are told by a French contemporary that they "became victims of the fury of the Indian women," from whose clutches the Canadians tried in vain to save them.

CHAPTER VII

THE SIEGE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY

(1757)

SPRING came at last, and the Dutch burghers of Albany heard, faint from the far height, the clamor of the wild fowl, streaming in long files northward to their summer home. As the aerial travellers winged their way, the seat of war lay spread beneath them like a map.

First the blue Hudson, slumbering among its forests, with the forts along its banks, Half-Moon, Stillwater, Saratoga, and the geometric lines and earthen mounds of Fort Edward. Then, a broad belt of dingy evergreen; and beyond, released from wintry fetters, the glistening breast of Lake George, with Fort William Henry at its side. Hence the lake stretched northward, like some

broad river, trenched between mountain ranges still leafless and gray.

Then they looked down on Ticonderoga, with the flag of the Bourbons, like a flickering white speck, waving on its ramparts; and next on Crown Point, with its tower of stone. Lake Champlain now spread before them, widening as they flew; on the left, the mountain wilderness of the Adirondacks, like a stormy sea congealed; on the right, the long procession of the Green Mountains; and, far beyond, on the dim verge of the eastern sky, the White Mountains throned in savage solitude. They passed over the bastioned square of Fort St. John, Fort Chambly guarding the rapids of the Richelieu, and the broad belt of the St. Lawrence with Montreal seated on its bank. Here we leave them, to build their nests and hatch their brood among the fens of the lonely North.

Montreal, the military heart of Canada, was in the past winter its social centre also, where were gathered conspicuous representatives both of Old France and of New; not men only, but women. It was a sparkling

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fragment of the reign of Louis XIV dropped into the American wilderness. Montcalm,¹ was here with his staff and chief officers, now pondering schemes of war, and now turning in thought to his beloved Chateau of Candiac, his mother, wife, and children.

“ I am going on the ninth to sing the war-song at the Lake of Two Mountains, and on the next day at Saut St. Louis, — a long, tiresome ceremony. On the twelfth I am off; and I count on having news to tell you by the end of this month or the beginning of the next.” Thus Montcalm wrote to his wife from Montreal early in July, 1757. All doubts had been solved. Prisoners taken on the Hudson and despatches from Versailles had made it certain that Loudon was bound to Louisbourg, carrying with him the best of the troops that had guarded the New York frontier. The time was come, not only to strike the English on Lake George, but perhaps to seize Fort Edward and carry terror to Albany itself.

The messengers of the governor had been busy all winter among the tribes of the West

and North; and more than a thousand savages, lured by the prospect of gifts, scalps, and plunder, were now encamped at Montreal. Many of them had never visited a French settlement before. All were eager to see Montcalm, whose exploit in taking Oswego,¹ had inflamed their imagination; and one day, on a visit of ceremony, an orator from Michilimackinac addressed the general thus: "We wanted to see this famous man who tramples the English under his feet. We thought we should find him so tall that his head would be lost in the clouds. But you are a little man, my Father. It is when we look into your eyes that we see the greatness of the pine tree and the fire of the eagle."

Towards the end of July, the whole force gathered at Ticonderoga, the base of the intended movement. In the various encampments was gathered a martial population of eight thousand men, including the brightest civilization and the darkest barbarism; from the scholar-soldier Montcalm and his no less accomplished aide-de-camp, Bougainville;

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from a throng of courtly young officers, who would have seemed out of place in that wilderness had they not done their work so well in it; from these to the foulest man-eating savage of the uttermost northwest.

Of Indian allies there were nearly two thousand. One of their tribes, the Iowas,¹ spoke a language which no interpreter understood; and they all bivouacked where they saw fit; for no man could control them.

"I see no difference," says Bougainville, "in the dress, ornaments, dances, and songs of the various western nations. They go naked, excepting a strip of cloth passed through a belt, and paint themselves black, red, blue, and other colors. Their heads are shaved and adorned with bunches of feathers, and they wear rings of brass wire in their ears. They wear beaver-skin blankets, and carry lances, bows, and arrows, and quivers made of the skins of beasts. For the rest they are straight, well made, and generally very tall. Their religion is brute paganism. I will say it once for all, one must be the slave of these savages, listen to them

day and night, in council and in private, whenever the fancy takes them, or whenever a dream, a fit of the vapors, or their perpetual craving for brandy gets possession of them; besides which they are always wanting something for their equipment, arms, or toilet, and the general of the army must give written orders for the smallest trifle, — an eternal, wearisome detail, of which one has no idea in Europe."

The Mission Indians were better allies than these heathen of the West; and their priests, who followed them to the war, had great influence over them. They were armed with guns, which they well knew how to use. Their dress, though savage, was generally decent, and they were not cannibals; though in other respects they retained all their traditional ferocity and most of their traditional habits.

Montcalm, anxious for harmony among his red allies, called them to a grand council. There were nine hundred and seventy-nine chiefs and warriors, men of the forests and men of the plains, hunters of the moose and

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hunters of the buffalo, bearers of steel hatchets and stone war-clubs, of French guns and of flint-headed arrows. All sat in silence, decked with ceremonial paint, scalp-locks, eagle plumes, or horns of buffalo; and the dark and wild assemblage was edged with white uniforms of officers from France, who came in numbers to the spectacle. Montcalm, having already explained his plans to chiefs and told them the part he expected them to play, was replied to by several of them, who agreed with and complimented him. The council closed in perfect harmony.

Montcalm left a detachment to hold Ticonderoga; and then, on the first of August, he embarked with all his remaining force. Now, as evening drew near, was seen one of those wild pageantries of war which Lake George has often witnessed. A restless multitude of birch canoes, filled with painted savages, glided by shores and islands, like troops of swimming water-fowl. Two hundred and fifty batteaux came next, moved by sail and oar, some bearing the Canadian militia, and some the battalions of old France in

trim and gay attire; then the cannon and motors, provisions, and the field-hospital. So, under the flush of sunset, they held their course along the romantic lake, to play their part in the historic drama that lends a stern enchantment to its fascinating scenery.

They camped during the night; but as the sun rose above the eastern mountains the camp was all astir. The columns of Lévis,¹ with Indians to lead the way, moved through the forest towards the fort, and Montcalm followed with the main body; then the artillery boats rounded the point that had hid them from the sight of the English, saluting them as they did so with musketry and cannon; while a host of savages put out upon the lake, ranged their canoes abreast in a line from shore to shore, and advanced slowly, with measured paddle-strokes and yells of defiance.

The position of the enemy was full in sight before them. At the head of the lake, the fort; on its left, a marsh; then a low, flat, rocky hill, crowned with an entrenched camp, and lastly, on the extreme left, another

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marsh. The fort itself was an irregular bastioned square, formed by embankments of gravel surmounted by a rampart of heavy logs, laid in tiers crossed one upon another, the interstices filled with earth. Seventeen cannon, great and small, besides several mortars and swivels, were mounted upon it; and a brave Scotch veteran, Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, of the thirty-fifth regiment, was in command. The defenders amounted to two thousand and two hundred, including sailors and mechanics.

After some skirmishing around the fort, La Corne, with a body of Indians, occupied the road that led to Fort Edward, and Lévis encamped hard by to support him, while Montcalm proceeded to examine the ground and settle his plan of attack. Having formed his main camp near what is now the village of Caldwell, and debarked his cannon and mortars, he sent one of his aides-de-camp with a letter to Monro.

“I owe it to humanity,” he wrote, “to summon you to surrender. At present I can restrain the savages, and make them

observe the terms of a capitulation as I might not have power to do under other circumstances; and an obstinate defence on your part could only retard the capture of the place a few days and endanger an unfortunate garrison which cannot be relieved in consequence of the dispositions I have made. I demand a decisive answer within an hour." Monro replied that he and his soldiers would defend themselves to the last.

While the flags of truce were flying, the Indians swarmed over the fields before the fort; and when they learned the result, an Abenaki chief shouted in broken French: "You won't surrender, eh! Fire away then, and fight your best; for if I catch you, you shall get no quarter." Monro emphasized his refusal by a general discharge of his cannon.

On the night of the fourth the French began digging trenches, — a task of extreme difficulty, as the ground was covered by a profusion of half-burned stumps, roots, branches, and fallen trunks. Eight hundred men toiled till daylight with pick, axe, and

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spade, while the cannon from the fort flashed through the darkness, and grape and round-shot whistled and screamed over their heads. Before daybreak the first parallel was made; a battery was nearly finished on the left, and another was begun on the right. The men now worked under cover, safe in their burrows; one gang relieved another, and the work went on all day.

Day after day the roar of the cannonnade continued. The sappers worked their way to a garden not two hundred and fifty yards from the fort. The Indians, in great number, crawled forward among the beans, maize, and cabbages, and picked off reconnoiterers. The position of the besieged became deplorable. More than three hundred of them had been killed and wounded; small-pox was raging in the fort; the place was a focus of infection, and the casemates were crowded with the sick. A sortie from the intrenched camp and another from the fort had been repulsed with loss. All their large cannon and mortars had been burst, or disabled by shot; only seven small pieces were

left fit for service; and the whole of Montcalm's thirty-one cannon and fifteen mortars and howitzers would soon open fire, while the walls were already breached and an assault was imminent. Throughout the night of the eighth they fired briskly from all their remaining pieces. In the morning the officers held a council, and all agreed to surrender if honorable terms could be had. A white flag was raised, a drum was beat, and Lieutenant-Colonel Young, mounted on horseback, for a shot in the foot had disabled him from walking, went, followed by a few soldiers, to the tent of Montcalm.

It was agreed that the English troops should march out with the honors of war, and be escorted to Fort Edward by a detachment of French troops; and that all French prisoners captured in America since the war began should be given up within three months. The stores, munitions, and artillery were to be the prize of the victors, except one fieldpiece, which the garrison were to retain in recognition of their brave defence.

Before signing the capitulation Montcalm

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called the Indian chiefs to council, and asked them to consent to the conditions, and promise to restrain their young warriors from any disorder. They approved everything, and promised everything. The garrison then evacuated the fort, and marched to join their comrades in the entrenched camp, which was included in the surrender. No sooner were they gone than a crowd of Indians clambered through the embrasures in search of rum and plunder. All the sick men unable to leave their beds were instantly butchered. Then the Indians, joined by the more lawless of the Canadians, turned their attention to the intrenched camp, where all the English were now collected.

The French guard stationed there could not keep out the rabble. By the advice of Montcalm the English stove their rum-barrels; but the Indians were drunk already with homicidal rage, and the glitter of their vicious eyes told of the devil within. They roamed among the tents, intrusive, insolent; their visages besmirched with war-paint; grinning like fiends. The confusion in the

camp lasted through the afternoon. Montcalm, with some of the officers and interpreters, tried to calm them. At last, at nine o'clock in the evening, order seemed to be restored. Montcalm ordered La Corne and the other Canadian officers attached to the Indians to see that no violence took place. He might well have done more. In view of the disorders of the afternoon, it would not have been too much if he had ordered the whole body of regular troops, whom alone he could trust for the purpose, to hold themselves ready to move to the spot in case of outbreak, and shelter their defeated foes behind a hedge of bayonets.

The English in their camp passed a troubled night, agitated by strange rumors. In the morning something like a panic seized them; for they distrusted not the Indians only, but the Canadians. In their haste to be gone they got together at daybreak, before the escort of three hundred regulars had arrived. They had their muskets, but no ammunition; and few or none of the provincials had bayonets.

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Early as it was, the Indians were on the alert. About five o'clock in the morning they entered some huts where lay seventeen English wounded, dragged out the inmates, and tomahawked and scalped them all before the eyes of the English regimental surgeon and La Corne and other Canadian officers, as well as of a French guard; and, declares the surgeon under oath, "none, either soldier or officer, protected the said wounded men."

A scene of plundering now began. The escort, who had by this time arrived, advised the English to give up the baggage to the Indians in order to appease them. To this the English at length agreed; but it only increased the excitement of the mob. When after much difficulty, the column at last got out of the camp and began to move along the road that crossed the rough plain between the intrenchment and the forest, the Indians crowded upon them, impeded their march, snatched caps, coats, and weapons from the officers, tomahawked those that resisted, and seizing upon shrieking women and children,

dragged them off or murdered them on the spot.

Suddenly there rose the screech of the war-whoop. At this signal of butchery, which was given by Abenakis from the mission of the Penobscot, a mob of savages rushed upon the New Hampshire men at the rear of the column, and killed or dragged away eighty of them. A frightful tumult ensued, when Montcalm, and other French officers, who had hastened from their camp on the first news of disturbance, threw themselves among the Indians, and by promises and threats tried to allay their frenzy. "Kill me, but spare the English who are under my protection," exclaimed Montcalm. He took from one of them a young officer whom an Indian had seized; upon which several other Indians immediately tomahawked their prisoners, lest they too should be taken from them.

The English seemed paralyzed, and fortunately did not attempt a resistance, which, without ammunition as they were, would have ended in a general massacre. Their

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broken column struggled forward in wild disorder, amid the din of whoops and shrieks, till they reached the French advance-guard, which consisted of Canadians; and here they demanded protection from the officers, who refused to give it, telling them that they must take to the woods and shift for themselves.

How many English were killed it is impossible to tell with exactness. It is certain that six or seven hundred persons were carried off, stripped, or otherwise maltreated. Montcalm succeeded in recovering more than four hundred of them in the course of the day; and many of the French officers did what they could to relieve their wants by buying back from their captors the clothing that had been torn from them.

Many of the fugitives had taken refuge in the fort. All of them and the redeemed prisoners were afterwards conducted to the intrenched camp, where food and shelter were provided for them and a strong guard set for their protection until the fifteenth, when they were sent under an escort to Fort Ed-

ward. Here cannon had been fired at intervals to guide those who had fled to the woods, whence they came dropping in from day to day, half dead from famine.

On the morning after the massacre the Indians decamped in a body and set out for Montreal, carrying with them their plunder and some two hundred prisoners, who, it is said, could not be got out of their hands. The soldiers were set to the task of demolishing the English fort; and the task occupied several days. The barracks were torn down, and the huge pine-logs of the rampart thrown into a heap. The dead bodies that filled the casemates were added to the mass, and fire was set to the whole. The mighty funeral pyre blazed all night. Then, on the sixteenth, the army re-embarked. The din of ten thousand combatants, the rage, the terror, the agony, were gone, and no living thing was left but the wolves that gathered from the mountains to feast upon the dead.

CHAPTER VIII¹

THE CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG

(1758)

THE stormy coast of Cape Breton is indented by a small, land-locked bay, between which and the ocean lies a tongue of land dotted with a few grazing sheep, and intersected by rows of stone that mark more or less distinctly the lines of what once were streets. Green mounds and embankments of earth enclose the whole space, and beneath the highest of them yawn arches and caverns of ancient masonry.

This grassy solitude was once the "Dunkirk² of America;" the vaulted caverns where the sheep find shelter from the rain were casemates where terrified women sought

refuge from storms of shot and shell, and the shapeless green mounds were citadel, bastion, rampart, and glacis. Here stood Louisbourg; and not all the efforts of its conquerors, nor all the havoc of succeeding times, have availed to efface it. Men in hundreds toiled for months with lever, spade, and gunpowder in the work of destruction, and for more than a century it has served as a stone quarry; but the remains of its vast defences still tell their tale of human valor and human woe.

At the beginning of June, 1758, when Sir Jeffrey Amherst¹ sailed from Boston to attack it, Louisbourg was the strongest fortress in French or British America. The circuit of the fortifications was more than a mile and a half, and the town contained about four thousand inhabitants. The French garrison consisted of four battalions, with two companies of artillery and twenty-four of colony troops from Canada, — and to these were added a body of armed inhabitants and a band of Indians. In the harbor were five ships-of-the-line and seven frigates,

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carrying in all about five hundred and forty-four guns and about three thousand men. Two hundred and nineteen cannon and seventeen mortars were mounted on the walls and outworks.

There had been signs of the English enemy from the first opening of spring. In the intervals of fog, rain, and snow-squalls, sails were seen hovering on the distant sea. At length, on the first of June, the southeastern horizon was white with a cloud of canvas. The long expected crisis was come. Droucour, the governor, sent two thousand regulars, with about a thousand militia and Indians, to guard the various landing-places; and the rest, aided by the sailors, remained to hold the town.

The English fleet consisted of twenty-three ships-of-the-line, eighteen frigates and fire-ships, under Admiral Boscawen, and a fleet of transports, on board of which were eleven thousand six hundred soldiers, all regulars, except five hundred provincial rangers. General Amherst was in command of these.

As they sailed into Gabarus Bay the sea

was rough; but in the afternoon, Amherst, Lawrence, and Wolfe, with a number of naval officers, reconnoitred the shore in boats, coasting it for miles, and approaching it as near as the French batteries would permit. The rocks were white with surf, and every accessible point was strongly guarded. Boscawen saw little chance of success. He sent for his captains, and consulted them separately. They thought, like him, that it would be rash to attempt a landing, and proposed a council of war. One of them alone, an old sea officer named Ferguson, advised his commander to take the responsibility himself, hold no council, and make the attempt at every risk. Boscawen took his advice, and declared that he would not leave Gabarus Bay till he had fulfilled his instructions and set the troops on shore.

West of Louisbourg there were three accessible places. In order to distract the attention of the enemy, it was resolved to threaten all these points. Wolfe, with the third division, was to make the real attack, and try to force a landing at Freshwater

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Cove, which, as it proved, was the most strongly defended of all.

This young officer was conspicuous for a dashing gallantry. When on shore he was an habitual invalid, and when at sea every heave of the ship made him wretched; but his ardor was unquenchable. Before leaving England he wrote to a friend: "Being of the profession of arms, I would seek all occasions to serve; and therefore have thrown myself in the way of the American war, though I know that the very passage threatens my life, and that my constitution must be utterly ruined and undone."

A few days later, under cover of a fierce cannonade on the French intrenchments from the frigates of the squadron, the three divisions rowed toward the shore. That of the left, under Wolfe, consisted of four companies of grenadiers, with the light infantry and New England rangers, followed and supported by Fraser's Highlanders and eight more companies of grenadiers. They pulled for Freshwater Cove. Here there was a crescent-shaped beach, a quarter of a mile

long, with rocks at each end. On the shore above, about a thousand Frenchmen, under Lieutenant-Colonel de Saint Julien, lay behind intrenchments covered in front by spruce and fir trees, felled and laid on the ground with the tops outward. Eight cannon and swivels were planted to sweep every part of the beach and its approaches, and these pieces were masked by young evergreens stuck in the ground before them.

The English were allowed to come within close range unmolested. Then the batteries opened, and a deadly storm of grape and musketry was poured upon the coast. It was clear in an instant that to advance farther would be destruction; and Wolfe waved his hand as a signal to sheer off. At some distance on the right, and little exposed to the fire, were three boats of light infantry under Lieutenants Hopkins and Brown and Ensign Grant; who, mistaking the signal or wilfully misinterpreting it, made directly for the shore before them. It was a few rods east of the beach; a craggy coast and a strand strewn with rocks and lashed with breakers,

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but sheltered from the cannon by a small projecting point.

The three officers leaped ashore, followed by their men. Wolfe saw the movement, and hastened to support it. The boat of Major Scott, who commanded the light infantry and rangers, next came up, and was stove in in an instant; but Scott gained the shore, climbed the crags, and found himself with ten men in front of some seventy French and Indians. Half his followers were killed and wounded, and three bullets were shot through his clothes; but with admirable gallantry he held his ground till others came to his aid.

The remaining boats now reached the landing. Many were stove among the rocks, and others were upset; some of the men were dragged back by the surf and drowned; some lost their muskets, and were drenched to the skin; but the greater part got safe ashore. Among the foremost was seen the tall, attenuated form of Brigadier Wolfe, armed with nothing but a cane, as he leaped into the surf and climbed the crags with his

soldiers. As they reached the top they formed in compact order, and attacked and carried with the bayonet the nearest French battery, a few rods distant. The division of Lawrence soon came up; and as the attention of the enemy was now distracted, they made their landing with little opposition at the farther end of the beach, whither they were followed by Amherst himself.

The French, attacked from right and left, and fearing with good reason that they would be cut off from the town, abandoned all their cannon and fled into the woods. About seventy of them were captured and fifty killed. The rest, circling among the hills and around the marshes, made their way to Louisbourg, and those at the intermediate posts joined their flight. The English followed through a matted growth of firs till they reached the cleared ground; when the cannon, opening on them from the ramparts, stopped the pursuit. The first move of the great game was played and won.

A systematic siege was now begun. Amherst made camp just beyond range of the

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French cannon, and guns and stores were landed. The artillery fight raged night and day, while a thousand of Amherst's men dug trenches under fire from the town and ships.

Various courtesies were exchanged between the two commanders. Drucour, on occasion of a flag of truce, wrote to Amherst that there was a surgeon of uncommon skill in Louisbourg, whose services were at the command of any English officer who might need them. Amherst on his part sent to the enemy letters and messages from wounded Frenchmen in his hands, adding his compliments to Mme. Drucour, with an expression of regret for the disquiet to which she was exposed, begging her at the same time to accept a gift of pineapples from the West Indies. She returned his courtesy by sending him a basket of wine; after which amenities the cannon roared again. Mme. Drucour was a woman of heroic spirit. Every day she was on the ramparts, where her presence roused the soldiers to enthusiasm; and every day with her own hand she fired three cannon to encourage them.

The English lines grew closer and closer, and their fire more and more destructive. Only five French vessels now remained in the harbor, one having been sent away for help, and six sunk at the entrance of the harbor, in an attempt to keep the English from entering. These five were but feebly manned, as the greater part of the officers and crew had come ashore.

Still the English sappers pushed on. Every day they had more guns in position, and on right and left their fire grew hotter.

On the twenty-first one of the French ships caught fire from a bomb, and the wind blew the flames into the rigging of two others. They were consumed to the water's edge; and only two ships were left in the harbor.

On the morning after the burning of the ships a shell fell through the roof of a large oblong stone building in the citadel, containing the chapel, lodgings for men and officers, and the quarters of the governor. It burst, and set the place on fire. Soldiers, sailors, and inhabitants labored desperately to check

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the flames. They saved the end occupied by the governor and his wife, but all the rest was destroyed.

On the night after this fire, a shell filled with combustibles set on fire what was called the Queen's Bastion, a building in the citadel from which the garrison had just moved. A fearful scene ensued. All the English batteries opened upon it. The roar of mortars and cannon, the rushing and screaming of round-shot and grape, the hissing of fuses, and the explosion of grenades and bombs, mingled with a storm of musketry from the covered way and trenches; while, by the glare of the conflagration, the English regiments were seen drawn up in battle array, before the ramparts, as if preparing for an assault.

Two days after, at one o'clock in the morning, a burst of loud cheers was heard in the distance, followed by confused cries and the noise of musketry, which lasted but a moment. Six hundred English sailors had silently rowed into the harbor and seized the two remaining ships, the "Prudent" and

the "Bienfaisant." After the first hubbub all was silent for half an hour. Then a light glowed through a thick fog that covered the water. The "Prudent" was burning. As she was aground with the low tide, her captors had set her on fire, allowing the men on board to escape to the town in her boats. The flames soon wrapped her from stem to stern; and as the broad glare pierced the illumined mists, the English sailors, reckless of shot and shell, towed her companion-ship, with all on board, to a safe anchorage under Wolfe's batteries.

The position of the besieged was deplorable. Nearly a fourth of their number were in the hospitals; while the rest, exhausted with incessant toil, could find no place to snatch an hour of sleep. "And yet," says an officer, "they all show ardor." The trenches had been pushed so close on the rising ground at the right that a great part of the covered way was enfiladed, while a battery on a hill across the harbor swept the whole front with a flank fire. Amherst had ordered the gunners to spare the houses of

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the town; but, according to French accounts, the order had little effect, for shot and shell fell everywhere. On the twenty-sixth the last cannon was silenced in front of the town, and the English batteries had made a breach which seemed practicable for assault.

Drucour and his officers decided to ask for terms. A white flag was displayed, and an officer sent out with orders to capitulate. The answer was prompt and stern; the garrison must surrender as prisoners of war; a definite reply must be given within an hour; in case of refusal the place would be attacked by land and sea.

Great was the emotion in the council. Drucour wrote a note refusing the English terms and declaring his purpose to abide the assault. But before an officer had time to deliver it, Prévost, a civil officer, induced the governor to change his mind. Another officer was sent to recall the messenger, who was evidently in no hurry, for he had scarcely got beyond the fortifications when overtaken. Some of the officers were then sent to the English camp, empowered to accept the

terms imposed. An English spectator thus describes their arrival. "A lieutenant-colonel came running out of the garrison, making signs at a distance, and bawling out as loud as he could, 'We accept! We accept!' He was followed by two others; and they were all conducted to General Amherst's headquarters."

The articles of capitulation stipulated that the garrison should be sent to England prisoners of war, in British ships; that all artillery, arms, munitions, and stores, both in Louisbourg and elsewhere on the Island of Cape Breton, as well as on Isle St. Jean, now Prince Edward's Island, should be given up intact; that the gate of the Dauphin's Bastion should be delivered to the British troops at eight o'clock in the morning; and that the garrison should lay down their arms at noon. The victors, on their part, promised to give the French sick and wounded the same care as their own, and to protect private property from pillage.

Drucour signed the paper at midnight, and in the morning a body of grenadiers

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took possession of the Dauphin's gate. The rude soldiery poured in, swarthy with wind and sun, and begrimed with smoke and dust; the garrison, drawn up on the esplanade, flung down their muskets and marched from the ground with tears of rage; the cross of St. George floated over the shattered rampart; and Louisbourg, with the two great islands that depended on it, passed to the British Crown.

Guards were posted, a stern discipline was enforced, and perfect order maintained. The conquerors and the conquered exchanged greetings, and the English general was lavish of courtesies to the brave lady who had aided the defence so well. "Every favor she asked was granted," said a Frenchman present.

Drucour and his garrison had made a gallant defense. It had been his aim to prolong the siege till it should be too late for Amherst to coöperate with Abercrombie in an attack on Canada; and in this, at least, he succeeded.

The ardent and indomitable Wolfe had

been the life of the siege. Whenever there was need of a quick eye, a prompt decision, and a bold dash, there his lank figure was always in the front. He now set out on an errand but little to his liking, having orders to proceed to Gaspé, Miramichi, and other settlements on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, destroy them and disperse their inhabitants; a measure of needless and superfluous rigor, which, while detesting it, he executed with characteristic thoroughness. He then returned to Louisbourg, and sailed for England to recruit his shattered health for greater conflicts.

CHAPTER IX

TICONDEROGA

(1758)

WHILE Amherst was laying successful siege to Louisbourg, the combined British and provincial force which Abercrombie was to lead against Ticonderoga was gathered at the head of Lake George, while Montcalm lay at its outlet around the walls of the French stronghold, with an army not one-fourth so numerous. In the English camp were assembled more than fifteen thousand men; and the shores, the foot of the mountains, and the broken plains between them were studded thick with tents.

Abercrombie, raised to his place by political influence, was little but the nominal commander. "A heavy man," said Wolfe

in a letter to his father; "an aged gentleman, infirm in body and mind," wrote William Parkman, a boy of seventeen, who carried a musket in a Massachusetts regiment, and kept in his knapsack a dingy little notebook, in which he jotted down what passed each day. The age of the aged gentleman was fifty-two.

Pitt¹ meant that the actual command of the army should be in the hands of Brigadier Lord Howe, and he was in fact its real chief; "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army," says Wolfe. And he elsewhere speaks of him as "that great man." High as this praise is, it seems to have been deserved. The young nobleman, who was then in his thirty-fourth year, had the qualities of a leader of men. The army felt him, from general to drummer-boy. He was its soul; and while breathing into it his own energy and ardor, and bracing it by stringent discipline, he broke through the traditions of the service and gave it new shapes to suit the time and place.

During the last year he had studied the art of forest warfare, and joined Rogers and his rangers in their scouting-parties, sharing all their hardships and making himself one of them. Perhaps the reforms that he introduced were fruits of this rough, self-imposed schooling. He made officers and men throw off all useless encumbrances, cut their hair close, wear leggings to protect them from briars, brown the barrels of their muskets, and carry in their knapsacks thirty pounds of meal, which they cooked for themselves; so that, according to an admiring Frenchman, they could live a month without their supply-trains.

"You would laugh to see the droll figure we all make," writes an officer. "Regulars as well as provincials have cut their coats so as scarcely to reach to their waists. No officer or private is allowed to carry more than one blanket and a bearskin. A small portmanteau is allowed each officer. No women follow the camp to wash our linen. Lord Howe has already shown an example by going to the brook and washing his own."

Here, as in all things, Howe shared the lot of the soldier, and required his officers to share it. A story is told of him that before the army embarked he invited some of them to dinner in his tent, where they found no seats but logs, and no carpet but bearskins. A servant promptly placed on the ground a large dish of pork and peas, on which his lordship took from his pocket a sheath containing a knife and fork and began to cut the meat. The guests looked on in some embarrassment; upon which he said: "Is it possible, gentlemen, that you have come on this campaign without providing yourselves with what is necessary?" And he gave each of them a sheath, with a knife and fork like his own.

Yet this Lycurgus¹ of the camp, as a contemporary calls him, is described as a man of social accomplishments rare even in his rank. He made himself greatly beloved by the provincial officers, with many of whom he was on terms of intimacy, and he did what he could to break down the barriers between the colonial soldiers and the British regu-

lars. In Westminster Abbey may be seen the tablet on which Massachusetts pays grateful tribute to his virtues, and commemorates "the affection her officers and soldiers bore to his command."

On the evening of the fourth of July, baggage, stores, and ammunition were all on board the boats, and the whole army embarked on the morning of the fifth. A spectator watching them from the shore says that when the fleet was three miles on its way, the surface of the lake at that distance was completely hidden from sight. There were nine hundred bateaux, one hundred and thirty-five whaleboats,¹ and a large number of heavy flatboats carrying the artillery. The whole advanced in three divisions, the regulars in the centre, and the provincials on the flanks. Each corps had its flag and its music. The day was fair and men and officers were in the highest spirits.

As they entered the Narrows the spectacle was superb; the brightness of the summer day; the romantic beauty of the scenery; the sheen and sparkle of those crystal

waters; the countless islets, tufted with pine, birch, and fir; the bordering mountains, with their green summits and sunny crags; the flash of oars and glitter of weapons; the banners, the varied uniforms, and the notes of bugle, trumpet, bagpipe, and drum, answered and prolonged by a hundred woodland echoes.

The next day, at noon, the army landed at a place called by the French the Burned Camp. Rogers, with a party of rangers, was ordered forward to reconnoitre, and the troops were formed for the march.

From this part of the shore a plain covered with forest stretched northwestward half a mile or more to the mountains behind which lay the valley of Trout Brook. On this plain the army began its march in four columns, with the intention of passing round the western bank of the river of the outlet, since the bridge over it had been destroyed. Rogers, with the provincial regiments of Fitch and Lyman,¹ led the way, at some distance before the rest.

The forest was extremely dense and heavy,

and so obstructed with undergrowth that it was impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction, while the ground was encumbered with fallen trees in every stage of decay. The ranks were broken, and the men struggled on as they could in dampness and shade, under a canopy of boughs that the sun could scarcely pierce. The guides became bewildered in the maze of trunks and boughs; the marching columns were confused, and fell in one upon the other. They were in the strange situation of an army lost in the woods.

The advanced party of French under Langy and Trepezec, about three hundred and fifty in all, regulars and Canadians, had tried to retreat; but before they could do so, the whole English army had passed them, landed, and placed itself between them and their countrymen. They had no resource but to take to the woods. Langy was used to bush-ranging; but he too soon became perplexed in the blind intricacies of the forest. Towards the close of the day he and his men had come out from the valley of Trout

Brook, and were near the junction of that stream with the river of the outlet, in a state of some anxiety, for they could see nothing but brown trunks and green boughs. None could have dreamed that, not far distant, an army was groping its way, buried in foliage; no rumblings of wagons and artillery trains, for none were there; all silent but the cawing of some crow flapping his black wings over the sea of tree-tops.

Lord Howe, with Major Israel Putnam¹ and two hundred rangers, was at the head of the principal column, which was a little in advance of the three others. Suddenly the challenge, "Qui vive?"² rang sharply from the thickets in front. "Français!" was the reply. Langy's men were not deceived; they fired out of the bushes. The shots were returned; a hot skirmish followed; and Lord Howe dropped dead, shot through the breast.

All was confusion. The dull, vicious reports of musketry in thick woods, at first few and scattering, then in fierce and rapid volleys, reached the troops behind. They could hear, but see nothing. For all they

knew, Montcalm's whole army was upon them. Nothing prevented a panic but the steadiness of the rangers, who maintained the fight alone till the rest came back to their senses.

Rogers, with his reconnoitring party, and the regiments of Fitch and Lyman, were at no great distance in front. They all turned on hearing the musketry, and thus the French were caught between two fires. They fought with desperation. About fifty of them at length escaped; one hundred and forty-eight were captured, and the rest killed or drowned in trying to cross the rapids. The loss of the English was small in numbers, but immeasurable in the death of Howe. "The fall of this noble and brave officer," says Rogers, "seemed to produce an almost general languor and consternation through the whole army." "In Lord Howe," writes another contemporary, Major Thomas Mante, "the soul of General Abercrombie's¹ army seemed to expire. From the unhappy moment when the General was deprived of his advice, neither order nor discipline was

observed, and a strange kind of infatuation usurped the place of resolution." The death of one man was the ruin of fifteen thousand.

The peninsula of Ticonderoga consists of a rocky plateau with low grounds on each side, bordering Lake Champlain on the one hand, and the outlet of Lake George on the other. The French fort stood near the end of the peninsula, which points towards the southeast. Thence, as one goes westward, the ground declines a little, and then slowly rises, till, about half a mile from the fort, it reaches its greatest elevation, and begins still more gradually to decline again. Thus a ridge is formed across the plateau between the steep declivities that sink to the low grounds on right and left.

Some weeks before, a French officer had suggested the defence of this ridge by means of an abattis.¹ Montcalm approved this plan; and now, at the eleventh hour, he resolved to make his stand there. The whole French army fell to the task. The regimental colors were planted along the line, and the officers, stripped to the shirt, took axe in hand and

labored with their men. The trees that covered the ground were hewn down by thousands, the tops lopped off, and the trunks piled one upon another to form a massive breastwork. The line followed the top of the ridge, along which it zig-zagged in such a manner that the whole front could be swept by flank fires of musketry and grape. The wall was so high that nothing could be seen over it but the crowns of the soldiers' hats.

In front of the line, to the distance of a musket shot from the works, the forest was cut down, and the trees left lying where they fell among the stumps, with tops turned outwards, forming one vast abattis, which, as a Massachusetts officer says, looked like a forest laid flat by a hurricane. But the most formidable obstruction was immediately along the front of the breastwork, where the ground was covered with heavy boughs, overlapped and interlaced, with sharpened points bristling into the face of the assailant like the quills of a porcupine.

Here, then, was a position which, if at-

tacked in front with musketry alone, might be called impregnable. But would Abercrombie so attack it? He had several alternatives. He might attempt the flank and rear of his enemy by way of the low grounds on the right and left of the plateau, a movement which the precautions of Montcalm had made difficult, but not impossible. Or, instead of leaving his artillery idle on the strand of Lake George, he might bring it to the front and batter the breastwork, which, though impervious to musketry, was worthless against heavy cannon. Or he might do what Burgoyne did with success a score of years later, and plant a battery on the heights of Rattlesnake Hill, now called Mount Defiance, which commanded the position of the French, and whence the inside of their breastwork could be scoured with roundshot from end to end. Or, while threatening the French front with a part of his army, he could march the rest a short distance through the woods to a place where a battery of field-pieces would have cut off all Montcalm's supplies and closed his only

way of retreat. As the French were provisioned for but eight days, their position would have been desperate. Montcalm had done what he could; but the danger of his position was inevitable and extreme. His hope lay in Abercrombie, and it was a hope well founded. The action of the English general answered the utmost wishes of his enemy.

Abercrombie had been told that Montcalm had six thousand men, and that three thousand more were expected every hour. Therefore he was in haste to attack before these succors could arrive. As was the general, so was the army. "I believe," writes an officer, "we were one and all infatuated by a notion of carrying every obstacle by a mere *coup de mousqueterie*." Leadership perished with Lord Howe, and nothing was left but blind, headstrong valor.

Clerk, chief engineer, was sent to reconnoitre the French works from Mount Defiance; and came back with the report that, to judge from what he could see, they might be carried by assault. Then, without wait-

ing to bring up his cannon, Abercrombie prepared to storm the lines.

At noon of the eighth, the French soldiers, engaged in strengthening their defenses, heard volleys of musketry from the forest in front. It was the English light troops driving in the French pickets. A cannon was fired as a signal to drop tools and form for battle. The white uniforms lined the breastwork in a triple row, with the grenadiers behind them as a reserve, and the second battalion of Berry watching the flanks and rear.

Meanwhile the English army had moved forward from its camp by the saw-mill. First came the rangers, the light infantry, and Bradstreet's¹ armed boatmen, who, emerging into the open space, began a spattering fire. Some of the provincial troops followed; then the regulars, who had formed in columns of attack under cover of the forest, advanced their solid red masses into the sunlight, and passing through the intervals between the provincial regiments, passed forward to the assault.

Across the rough ground, with its maze of fallen trees whose leaves hung withering in the July sun, they could see the top of the breastwork, but not the men behind it; when, in an instant, all the line was obscured by a gush of smoke, a crash of exploding fire-arms tore the air, and grape-shot and musket balls swept the whole place like a tempest. The English had been ordered to carry the works with the bayonet; but their ranks were broken by the obstructions through which they struggled in vain to force their way, and they soon began to fire in turn. The assailants pushed close to the breastwork; but there they were stopped by the bristling mass of sharpened branches, which they could not pass under the murderous cross-fires that swept them from front to flank. At length they fell back, exclaiming that the works were impregnable. Abercrombie, who was at the saw-mill, a mile and a half in the rear, sent orders to attack again, and again they came on as before.

The scene was frightful; masses of infuriated men who could not go forward and

would not go back; straining for an enemy they could not reach, and firing on an enemy they could not see; caught in the entanglement of fallen trees; tripped by briars, stumbling over logs, tearing through boughs; shouting, yelling, cursing, and pelted all the while with bullets that killed them by scores. The provincials supported the regulars with spirit, and some of them forced their way to the foot of the wooden wall.

The French fought with the intrepid gaiety of their nation, and shouts of *Vive le roi!* and *Vive notre General!* mingled with the din of musketry. Montcalm, with his coat off, for the day was hot, directed the defence of the centre, and repaired to any part of the line where the danger for the time seemed greatest. He is warm in praise of his enemy, and declared that between one and seven o'clock they attacked him six successive times.

Towards five o'clock two English columns joined in a most determined assault on the extreme right of the French. The danger for a time was imminent. Montcalm

hastened to the spot with the reserves. The assailants hewed their way to the front of the breastwork; and though again and again repulsed, they again and again renewed the attack. The Highlanders¹ fought with stubborn and unconquerable fury. "Even those who were mortally wounded," writes one of their lieutenants, "cried to their companions not to lose a thought upon them, but to follow their officers and mind the honor of their country." Twenty-five of their officers were killed or wounded, and half the men fell under the deadly fire that poured from the loopholes. Captain John Campbell and a few followers tore their way through the abattis, climbed the breastwork, leaped down among the French, and were bayoneted there.

A lingering fight was kept up by the rangers and other provincials, firing from the edge of the woods and from behind the stumps, bushes and fallen trees in front of the lines. Its only objects were to cover their comrades, who were collecting and bringing off the wounded, and to protect the

retreat of the regulars, who fell back in disorder to the Falls. As twilight came on, the last combatant withdrew, and none was left but the dead. Abercrombie had lost in killed, wounded and missing, nineteen hundred and forty-four officers and men. The loss of the French, not counting that of Langy's detachment, was three hundred and seventy-seven.

Montcalm, with a mighty load lifted from his soul, passed along the lines, and gave the tired soldiers the thanks they nobly deserved. Beer, wine, and food were served out to them, and they bivouacked for the night on the level ground between the breastwork and the fort. The enemy had met a terrible rebuff; yet the danger was not over. Abercrombie still had more than thirteen thousand men, and he might renew the attack with cannon. But, on the morning of the ninth, a band of volunteers who had gone out to watch him brought back the report that he was in full retreat. The saw-mill at the Falls was on fire, and the last English soldier was gone.

On the morning of the tenth, the French officer Lévis, with a strong detachment, followed the road to the landing-place, and found signs that a panic had overtaken the defeated troops. They had left behind several barrels of provisions and a large quantity of baggage; while in a marshy place that they had crossed was found a considerable number of their shoes, which had stuck to the mud, and which they had not stopped to recover. They had embarked on the morning after the battle and retreated to the head of the lake in a disorder and dejection woefully contrasted with the pomp of their advance. A gallant army was sacrificed by the blunders of its chief.

Montcalm announced the victory to his wife in a strain of exaggeration that marks the exaltation of his mind. "Without Indians, almost without Canadians or colony troops, — I had only four hundred — alone with Lévis and Bourlamaque and the troops of the line, thirty-one hundred fighting men, I have beaten an army of twenty-five thousand. . . . This glorious day does infinite

credit to the valor of our battalions. I have no time to write more. I am well, my dearest, and I embrace you."

On the morrow of his victory he caused a great cross to be planted on the battle-field, inscribed with these lines, composed by the soldier scholar himself, —

*" Quid dux? quid miles? quid strata ingentia
ligna?*

*En signum! en victor! Deus hic, Deus ipse
triumphat."*

" Soldier and chief and rampart's strength are
naught;

Behold the conquering Cross! 'Tis God the
triumph wrought."

CHAPTER X

THE FALL OF QUEBEC

(1759)

THE campaign of 1758 ended in the taking of Fort Duquesne by General Forbes¹ — not a brilliant achievement, since the French had evacuated the fort in advance — but one whose solid value was above price. It opened the Great West to English enterprise, took from France half her savage allies, and relieved the western borders from the scourge of Indian war.

The outlook was now dark for the French. Though they had held their own triumphantly at Ticonderoga, their left had been forced back by the capture of Louisbourg and their entire right wing had been well-nigh cut off by the destruction of Fort Fron-

tenac.¹ Their own Indians were turning against them. "They have struck us," wrote Doreil, commissary of war, to the minister of war; "they have seized three canoes loaded with furs on Lake Ontario, and murdered the men in them; sad forerunner of what we have to fear! Peace, Monseigneur, give us peace! Pardon me, but I cannot repeat that word too often."

The position of the colony was desperate. Thus far the Canadians had never lost heart, but had obeyed with admirable alacrity the governor's call to arms, borne with patience the burdens and privations of the war, and submitted without revolt to the exactions and oppressions of Cadet and his crew;² loyal to their native soil, loyal to their church, loyal to the wretched government that crushed and belittled them.

But now there was a change. The reverses of the last campaign, hunger, weariness, and possibly some incipient sense of atrocious misgovernment, began to produce their effect; and some, especially in the towns, were heard to murmur that further

resistance was useless. The Canadians, though brave and patient, needed, like Frenchmen, the stimulus of success.

The St. Lawrence was watched by British ships; the harvest was meagre; a barrel of flour cost two hundred francs; most of the cattle and many of the horses had been killed for food. The people lived chiefly on a pittance of salt cod or on rations furnished by the King; all prices were inordinate; the officers from France were starving on their pay; while a legion of scoundrels fattened on the general distress. "What a country!" exclaims Montcalm. "Here all the knaves grow rich, and the honest men are ruined." Yet he was resolved to stand by it to the last, and wrote to the minister of war that he would bury himself under the ruins.

In England, an expedition was being fitted out against Quebec. Pitt had made a fortunate choice of commander, naming Wolfe, whose part in the taking of Louisbourg had greatly increased his reputation. Appointments made for merit, and not through rou-

tine and patronage, shocked the Duke of Newcastle,¹ to whom a man like Wolfe was a hopeless enigma; and he told George II that Pitt's new general was mad. "Mad, is he?" returned the old King; "then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."

Never was the soul of a hero cased in a frame so incongruous as that of Wolfe's. His face, when seen in profile, was singular as that of the Great Condé.² The forehead and chin receded; the nose, slightly upturned, formed with the other features the point of an obtuse triangle; the mouth was by no means shaped to express resolution; and nothing but the clear, bright, and piercing eye bespoke the spirit within.

At the time of the Quebec expedition he was in his thirty-third year. His father was an officer of distinction, Major-General Edward Wolfe, and he himself, a delicate and sensitive child, but an impetuous and somewhat headstrong youth, had served the King since the age of fifteen.

His martial instincts were balanced by strong domestic inclinations. He was a most

dutiful son, and wrote continually to both his parents. It is in the intimacies of domestic life that one sees him most closely, and especially in his letters to his mother, from whom he inherited his frail constitution, without the beauty that distinguished her. "The greatest happiness that I wish for is to see you happy." "If you stay much at home, I will come and shut myself up with you for three weeks or a month, and play at piquet from morning till night; and you shall laugh at my short red hair as much as you please." The playing at piquet was a sacrifice to filial attachment; for the mother loved cards, and the son did not.

"Don't trouble yourself about my room or my bed-clothes; too much care and delicacy at this time would enervate me and complete the destruction of a tottering constitution. Such as it is, it must serve me now, and I'll make the best of it while it holds."

At the beginning of the war Wolfe's father tried to dissuade him from offering his services on board the fleet; and he replies in a

letter to Mrs. Wolfe: "It is no time to think of what is convenient or agreeable; that service is certainly the best in which we are the most useful. For my part, I am determined never to give myself a moment's concern about the nature of the duty which his Majesty is pleased to order us upon. It will be a sufficient comfort to you two, as far as my person is concerned, — at least, it will be a reasonable consolation, — to reflect that the Power which has hitherto preserved me may, if it is his pleasure, continue to do so; if not, that it is but a few days or a few years more or less, and that those who perish in their duty and in the service of their country die honorably."

Then he proceeds to give particular directions about his numerous dogs, for the welfare of which in his absence he provides with anxious solicitude, especially for "my friend Cæsar, who has great merit and much good-humor."

On another occasion, when his parents were away and he was occupying their house, he writes, "I lie in your chamber, dress in

the General's little parlor, and dine where you did. The most perceptible difference and change of affairs (exclusive of the bad table I keep) is the number of dogs in the yard; but by coaxing Ball (his father's dog) and rubbing his back with my stick, I have reconciled him with the new ones and put them in some measure under his protection."

After his return from Louisbourg he went to Bath to recruit his health; and it seems to have been here that he wooed and won Miss Katherine Lowther, daughter of an ex-governor of Barbadoes, and sister of the future Lord Lonsdale. A betrothal took place, and Wolfe wore her portrait till the night before his death.

At the end of January, 1759, the fleet was almost ready; and Wolfe wrote to his uncle Walter: "I am to act a greater part in this business than I wished. The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low. I shall do my best, and leave the rest to fortune, as perforce we must when there are not the most commanding

abilities. We expect to sail in about three weeks. A London life and little exercise disagrees entirely with me, but the sea still more. If I have health and constitution enough for the campaign, I shall think myself a lucky man; what happens afterward is of no great consequence."

On the seventeenth of February the whole squadron was at sea, the transports, the frigates, and the great line-of-battle ships, with their ponderous armament and their freight of rude humanity armed and trained for destruction; while on the heaving deck of the "Neptune," wretched with seasickness and racked with pain, stood the gallant invalid who was master of it all.

With the exception of ten ships under Admiral Durell, which had steered for the St. Lawrence to intercept the expected ships from France, the whole fleet united in the harbor of Louisbourg. This they left on the sixth of June, the troops cheering and the officers drinking to the toast, "British colors on every French fort, port, and garrison in America." The ships that had gone before

lay to till the whole fleet was reunited, and then all steered together for the St. Lawrence. From the headland of Cape Edmont, the Micmac hunter, gazing far out over the shimmering sea, saw the horizon flecked with their canvas wings, as they bore northward on their errand of havoc.

When the news reached Montreal that a great fleet was on its way to attack Quebec, nearly the whole force of the colony was ordered to that city. Montcalm hastened thither, and Vaudreuil,¹ the governor, followed. Montcalm at first proposed to encamp the army on the plains of Abraham and the meadows of the St. Charles, making that river his line of defence; but he changed his plan, and, with the concurrence of Vaudreuil, resolved to post his whole force on the St. Lawrence below the city, with his right resting on the St. Charles, and his left on the Montmorenci. Here, accordingly, the troops and militia were stationed as they arrived.

Meanwhile the whole English fleet slowly advanced, being piloted up the St. Lawrence by a Canadian whom they had captured. On

the twenty-sixth they were all anchored off the south shore of the Island of Orleans, a few miles from Quebec. They landed, and encamped, Wolfe, with an escort, advancing to the extreme point of the island.

Here he could see, in part, the desperate nature of the task he had undertaken. Before him, three or four miles away, Quebec sat perched upon her rock, a congregation of stone houses, churches, palaces, convents, and hospitals; the green trees of the Seminary garden and the spires of the Cathedral, the Ursulines, the Récollets, and the Jesuits. Beyond rose the loftier height of Cape Diamond, edged with palisades and capped with redoubt and parapet. Batteries frowned everywhere; the Chateau battery, the Clergy battery, the Hospital battery, on the rock above, and the Royal, Dauphin's, and Queen's batteries on the strand, where the dwellings and warehouses of the lower town clustered beneath the cliff.

Full in sight lay the far-extended camp of Montcalm, stretching from the St. Charles, beneath the city walls, to the chasm and cata-



A General View of Quebec from Point Levy

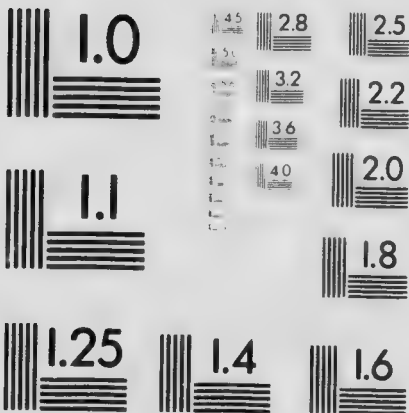
ract of the Montmorenci. From the cataract to the river of Beauport, its front was covered by earthworks along the brink of abrupt and lofty heights; and from the river of Beauport to the St. Charles, by broad flats of mud swept by the fire of redoubts, intrenchments, a floating battery, and the city itself. Above the city, Cape Diamond hid the view; but could Wolfe have looked beyond it, he would have beheld a prospect still more disheartening.

Here, mile after mile, the St. Lawrence was walled by a range of steeps, often inaccessible, and always so difficult that a few men at the top could hold an army in check; while at Cap-Rouge, about eight miles distant, the high plateau was cleft by the channel of a stream which formed a line of defence as strong as that of the Montmorenci. Quebec was a natural fortress. The chiefs of the French army wisely resolved not to throw away the advantages of their position, and Montcalm's plan was to avoid a general battle, run no risks, and protract the defence till the resources of the enemy were ex-



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hausted, or till approaching winter forced them to withdraw.

Opposite Quebec were the heights of Point Levi. Wolfe seized these, and threw up intrenchments. He succeeded also in occupying the heights of Montmorenci, whence he could fire his batteries upon the left wing of the French army. The position of the hostile forces was now a remarkable one. They were separated by the vast gorge that opens upon the St. Lawrence; an amphitheatre of lofty precipices, their brows crested with forests, and their steep brown sides scantily feathered with stunted birch and fir. Into this abyss leaps the Montmorenci with one headlong plunge of nearly two hundred and fifty feet, a living column of snowy white, with its spray, its foam, its mists and its rainbows. It was but a gunshot across the gulf, and the sentinels on each side watched each other over the roar and turmoil of the cataract.

Day after day went by without decisive action on either side. At the end of July Quebec seemed as far as ever beyond the

grasp of Wolfe. His batteries had ruined its buildings; the neighboring parishes were burned and ravaged; but its living rampart, the army of Montcalm, still lay in patient defiance along the shores of Beauport, while above the city every point where a wildcat could climb the precipices was watched and guarded, and Dumas with a thousand men held the impregnable heights of Cap Rouge. Montcalm persisted in doing nothing that his enemy wished him to do. He would not fight on Wolfe's terms, and Wolfe resolved at last to fight him on his own; that is, to attack his camp in front. He formed the bold design of storming Montcalm's position in front, just above the beach of the Montmorenci.

On the afternoon of the 31st of July, a strong body of troops was embarked in boats, and, covered by a furious cannonade from the English ships and batteries, landed on the beach just above the mouth of the Montmorenci. The grenadiers and Royal Americans were the first on shore, and their ill-timed impetuosity proved the ruin of the

plan. Without waiting to receive their orders or form their ranks, they ran, pell-mell, across the level ground, and with loud shouts began, each man for himself, to scale the heights which rose in front, crested with intrenchments and bristling with hostile arms.

The French at the top threw volley after volley among the hot-headed assailants. The slopes were soon covered with the fallen; and at that instant a storm, which had long been threatening, burst with sudden fury, drenched the combatants on both sides with a deluge of rain, extinguished for a moment the fire of the French, and at the same time made the steeps so slippery that the grenadiers fell repeatedly in their vain attempts to climb. Night was coming on with double darkness. The retreat was sounded, and, as the English re-embarked, troops of Indians came whooping down from the heights, and hovered about their rear, to murder the stragglers and the wounded; while exulting cries of *Vive le roi*¹ from the crowded summits proclaimed the triumph of the enemy.

With bitter agony of mind, Wolfe beheld

the headlong folly of his men, and saw more than four hundred of the flower of his army fall a useless sacrifice. The anxieties of the siege had told severely upon his slender constitution. Since the siege began, he had passed with ceaseless energy from camp to camp, animating the troops, observing everything and directing everything; but now the pale face and tall lean form were seen no more, and the rumor spread that the general was dangerously ill. He had in fact been seized by an access of the disease that had tortured him for some time past; and fever had followed. His quarters were at a French farm-house in the camp at Montmorenci; and here, as he lay in an upper chamber, helpless in bed, his singular and most unmilitary features haggard with disease and drawn with pain, no man could less have looked the hero. But as the needle, though quivering, points always to the pole, so, through torment and languor and the heats of fever, the mind of Wolfe dwelt on the capture of Quebec. It was at this time that he embraced the plan of the enterprise

which robbed him of life and gave him immortal fame.

The plan had been at first proposed at a council of his subordinate officers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray. It was resolved to divide the little army; and while one portion remained before Quebec to alarm the enemy by false attacks, and distract their attention from the scene of actual operation, the other was to pass above the town, land under cover of darkness on the northern shore, climb the guarded heights, gain the plains above, and force Montcalm to quit his vantage-ground and perhaps to offer battle. It seemed desperate, but so did all the other plans which had been proposed; and if by chance it should succeed, the gain was far greater than could follow any success below the town.

Wolfe knew that every chance was against him. But his final resolve once taken, he would not swerve from it. His fear was that he might not be able to lead the troops in person. "I know perfectly well you cannot cure me," he said to his physician, "but pray make me up so that I may be without

pain for a few days, and able to do my duty; that is all I want."

Audacious as it was, his plan cannot be called rash if we may accept the statement of two well-informed writers on the French side. They say that on the tenth of September the English naval commanders held a council on board the flagship, in which it was resolved that the lateness of the season required the fleet to leave Quebec without delay. They say further that Wolfe then went to the admiral, told him that he had found a place where the heights could be scaled, that he would send up one hundred and fifty picked men to feel the way, and that if they gained a lodgment at the top, the other troops should follow; if, on the other hand, the French were there in force to oppose them, he would not sacrifice the army in a hopeless attempt, but embark them for home, consoled by the thought that all had been done that man could do. On this, concludes the story, the admiral and his officers consented to wait the result.

As Wolfe had informed Pitt, his army was

greatly weakened. Since the end of June his loss in killed and wounded was more than eight hundred and fifty, including two colonels, two majors, nineteen captains, and thirty-four subalterns; and to these were to be added a greater number disabled by disease.

Wolfe's first move towards executing his plan was the critical one of evacuating the camp at Montmorenci. This was accomplished on the third of September. On the night of the fourth a fleet of flatboats passed above the town with the baggage and stores, and on the fifth, Murray, with four battalions, marched up the river Etechemin, and forded it under a hot fire from the French batteries at Sillery. Monckton and Townshend followed with three more battalions, and the united force, of about thirty-six hundred men, was embarked on board the ships of Holmes, where Wolfe joined them on the same evening.

These movements of the English filled the French commanders with mingled perplexity, anxiety, and hope. They thought it prob-

able that the English meant to sail for home; yet they were ceaselessly watchful, and Bougainville above Quebec was ordered to watch the shore as far as Jacques-Cartier, and follow with his main body every movement of Holmes' squadron.

Yet there was little fear for the heights near the town; they were thought inaccessible. Even Montcalm believed them safe, and had expressed himself to that effect some time before. "We need not suppose," he wrote to Vaudreuil, "that the enemy have wings;" and again, speaking of the very place where Wolfe afterwards landed, "I swear to you that a hundred men posted there would stop their whole army." He was right. A hundred watchful and determined men could have held the position long enough for reinforcements to come up.

The hundred men were there. Captain de Vergor, of the colony troops, commanded them, and reinforcements were within his call; for the battalion of Guienne had been ordered to encamp close at hand on the plains of Abraham. Vergor's post was a mile and

a half from Quebec. A little beyond it was another post, called Samos, held by seventy men with four cannon; and beyond this again, the heights of Sillery were guarded by one hundred and thirty men, also with cannon.

Wolfe had been very ill on the evening of the fourth. The troops knew it, and their spirits sank; but after a night of torment, he grew better, and was soon among them again, rekindling their ardor, and imparting a cheer that he could not share. For himself he had no pity; but when he heard of the illness of two officers on one of the ships, he sent them a message of warm sympathy, advised them to return to Point Levi, and offered them his own barge and an escort. Another remarked in his hearing that one of the invalids had a very delicate constitution. "Don't tell me of constitution," said Wolfe; "he has good spirit, and good spirit will carry a man through everything."

Wolfe in person examined the river and the shores as far as Pointe-aux-Trembles; till at length, landing on the south side a

little above Quebec, and looking across the water with a telescope, he described a path that ran with a long slope up the face of the woody precipice, and saw at the top a cluster of tents. They were those of Vergor's guard. As he could see but ten or twelve of them, he thought that the guard could not be numerous, and might be overpowered. His hope would have been stronger if he had known that Vergor had once been tried for misconduct and cowardice in the surrender of Beauséjour, and saved from merited disgrace by the protection of Vaudreuil.

For several successive days the squadron of Holmes was allowed to drift up the river with the flood tide and down with the ebb; while Bougainville, perplexed, and always expecting an attack, followed the ships to and fro along the shore, by day and by night, till his men were exhausted with ceaseless forced marches.

At last the time for action came. On Wednesday, the twelfth, the troops of St. Nicholas were embarked again, and all were told to hold themselves in readiness. Ad-

miral Saunders lay with the main fleet in the Basin of Quebec. It was agreed between him and Wolfe that while the general made the real attack, the admiral should engage Montcalm's attention by a pretended one. As night approached, the fleet ranged itself along the Beauport shore; the boats were lowered and filled with sailors, marines, and the few troops that had been left behind; while ship signalled to ship, cannon flashed and thundered, and shot ploughed the beach, as if to clear a way for assailants to land.

In the gloom of the evening the effect was imposing. Montcalm, who thought that the movements of the English above the town were only a feint, that their main force was still below it, and that their real attack would be made there, was completely deceived, and massed his troops in front of Beauport to repel the expected landing. But while in the fleet of Saunders all was uproar and ostentatious menace, the danger was ten miles away, where the squadron of Holmes lay tranquil and silent at its anchorage off Cap-Rouge.

It was less tranquil than it seemed. All on board knew that a blow would be struck that night, though only a few high officers knew where. Colonel Howe, of the light infantry, called for volunteers to lead the unknown and desperate venture, promising, in the words of one of them, "that if any of us survived we might depend on being recommended to the general." As many as were wanted, twenty-four in all, soon came forward. Thirty large bateaux and some boats belonging to the squadron lay moored alongside the vessels; and late in the evening the troops were ordered into them, the twenty-four volunteers taking their places in the foremost. They held in all about seventeen hundred men. The rest remained on board.

Bougainville could discern the movement, and misjudged it, thinking that he himself was to be attacked. The better to deceive him, the vessels and boats were allowed to drift upward with the tide for a little distance as if to land above Cap-Rouge.

The day had been fortunate for Wolfe. Two deserters came from the camp of Bou-

gainville with intelligence that, at ebb tide of the next night, he was to send down a convoy of provisions to Montcalm. Wolfe saw at once that, if his own boats went down in advance of the convoy, he could turn the intelligence of the deserters to good account.

He was still on board the "Sutherland." Every preparation was made, and every order given; it only remained to wait the turning of the tide. Seated with him in the cabin was the commander of the slop-of-war "Porcupine," his former school-fellow, John Jervis, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent. Wolfe told him that he expected to die in the battle of the next day; and taking from his bosom a miniature of Miss Lowther, his betrothed, he gave it to him with a request that he would return it to her if the presentiment should prove true.

Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were raised into the main-top shrouds of the "Sutherland." It was the appointed signal; the boats cast off and fell down with the current, those of the light in-

fantry leading the way. The vessels with the rest of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The general was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards professor of natural history in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate:—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination, the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp *Qui Vive?* of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "France" answered a Highlander officer of Fraser's regiment, from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

A quel regiment?

De la Reine, replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol-shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied, in French, "Provision boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop-of-war "Hunter"

was anchored in the stream not far off. This time again the sentry let them pass.

They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body.

When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. At length from the top came a sound of musket-shots, followed by loud huzzas. Wolfe knew that his men were masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still

points out the place, near the mouth of a ravine, where the foremost reached the top. Wolfe said to an officer near him: "You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up." He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abattis; but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

Before many of them had reached the top, cannon were heard close on the left. It was the battery at Samos firing on the boats in the rear and the vessels descending from Cap Rouge. A party was sent to silence it; this was soon effected, and the more distant battery at Sillery was next attacked and taken. As fast as the boats were emptied they returned for the troops left on board the vessels and for those waiting on the southern shore under Colonel Burton.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night.

Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the intrenchments till day, while the general walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning. It is said that he took no rest all night.

At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with an officer. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight; till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm said; and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the center and

left of the camp. Those in the right were in motion already, doubtless by the governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the northern rampart of Quebec, entered at the Palace Gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint narrow streets of the warlike town; troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war-paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians whose all was at stake, — faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of Old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets, La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussillon, Bearn, — victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis, and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to

where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe; the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance. Vaudreuil had not come; but none the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the Palace Battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defence. There were orders and counter orders; misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. He felt there was no time to lose, for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced, which was impossible, and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves, which was no less an error. He had been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age; "he rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a com-

posure, which, if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister-shot; and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusiladed them in front and flank. Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs; and on recovering consciousness he saw the general standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was toward ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from

the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were in range. Their ranks, ill-ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload.

The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two.

When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed; the ground covered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of



The Death of Wolfe

the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds.

Wolfe himself led the charge at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground.

Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere." "Go, one of

you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives toward the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "The Marquis is killed!" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man; "don't be troubled for me, my good friends."

"Never was rout more complete than that of our army," says a French official. It was the more so because Montcalm held no troops in reserve, but launched his whole force at

once against the English. Great indeed were the changes which twenty-four hours had wrought. Montcalm was dying; his second in command, the Brigadier Senezergues, was mortally wounded; the army, routed and demoralized, was virtually without a head; and the colony, yesterday cheered as on the eve of deliverance, was plunged into sudden despair.

The victors were fortifying themselves on the field of battle. Before midnight they had made good progress in their redoubts and intrenchments, had brought cannon up the heights to defend them, planted a battery on the Côte. Ste.-Genevieve, descended into the meadows of the St. Charles, and taken possession of the General Hospital, with its crowds of sick and wounded. Their victory had cost them six hundred and forty-four of all ranks, killed, wounded, and missing. The French loss is placed by Vaudreuil at about six hundred and forty, and by the English official reports at about fifteen hundred. Measured by the numbers engaged, the battle of Quebec was but a heavy skirmish; meas-

ured by results, it was one of the great battles of the world.

That same night, in consequence of orders given by Vaudreuil, Quebec was abandoned to its fate. The cannon were left in the lines of Beauport, the tents in the encampments, and provisions enough in the storehouses to supply the army for a week. "The loss of the Marquis de Montcalm," says a French officer then on the spot, "robbed his successors of their senses, and they thought of nothing but flight; such was their fear that the enemy would attack the intrenchments the next day. The army abandoned the camp in such disorder that the like was never known."

"It was not a retreat," says Johnstone, who was himself a part of it, "but an abominable flight, with such disorder and confusion that, had the English known it, three hundred men sent after us would have been sufficient to cut all our army to pieces. The soldiers were all mixed, scattered, dispersed, and running as hard as they could, as if the English army were at their heels." They

stopped only when they had reached the impregnable hill of Jacques-Cartier, by the bank of the St. Lawrence, thirty miles from danger.

In that night of humiliation, Montcalm was breathing his last within the walls of Quebec. When he was brought wounded from the field, he was placed in the house of a surgeon, who examined the wound and pronounced it mortal. "I am glad of it," Montcalm said quietly; and then asked how long he had to live. "Twelve hours, more or less," was the reply. "So much the better," he returned, "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

He is reported to have said that since he lost the battle it consoled him to have been defeated by so brave an enemy; and some of his last words were in praise of his successor, Lévis, for whose talents and fitness for command he expressed high esteem. He thought to the last of those who had been under his command, and sent the following note to Brigadier Townshend: "Monsieur,

the humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have caused me to feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector as I have been their father."

He died peacefully at four o'clock on the morning of the 14th. He was in his forty-eighth year.

In the confusion of the time no workman could be found to make a coffin, and an old servant of the Ursulines gathered a few boards and nailed them together so as to form a rough box. In it was laid the body of the dead soldier, nevermore to see the home for which he yearned, the wife, the mother, and children whom he loved, the olive-trees and chestnut-groves of his beloved Candiac.

There was no tolling of bells or firing of cannon at his funeral. The officers of the garrison followed the bier, and some of the populace, including women and children, joined the procession as it moved in dreary

silence along the dusky street, shattered with cannon-ball and bomb, to the chapel of the Ursuline convent. Here a shell, bursting under the floor, had made a cavity which had been hollowed into a grave. Three priests of the Cathedral, several nuns, Ramesay with his officers, and a throng of townspeople were present at the rite. After the service and the chant, the body was lowered into the grave by the light of torches; and then, says the chronicle, "the tears and sobs burst forth. It seemed as if the last hope of the colony were buried with the remains of the General." In truth, the funeral of Montcalm was the funeral of New France.

Utter confusion reigned in the garrison abandoned by Vaudreuil at Quebec. Ramesay, the commander, had been told by Vaudreuil to surrender, but was holding out, when the officers of the militia came to him in a body, declared that they had no mind to sustain an assault; that they knew he had orders against it; that since the army had abandoned them, they would abandon him. Ramesay reluctantly raised the white flag,

and sent the town-marshal to the English to get what terms of capitulation he could.

The conditions granted were favorable, and Ramesay signed the articles. The troops and sailors of the garrison were to march out of the place with the honors of war, and were to be carried to France. The inhabitants were to have protection in person and property, and free exercise of religion.

That afternoon the English soldiers entered the town, the British flag was raised near the top of Mountain Street, and the capital of New France passed into the hands of its hereditary foes.

The letter which Wolfe sent to Pitt a few days before his death, written in what may be called a spirit of resolute despair, and representing success as almost hopeless, filled England with dejection. Horace Walpole wrote the bad news to a friend at Florence: "Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing as much as heroes can despair. Quebec is well victualled. Amherst is not arrived, and fifteen thousand men are encamped to defend it. We have lost many

men by the enemy, and some by our friends; that is, we now call our nine thousand only seven thousand. How our little army will get away from a much larger, and in this season, in that country, I don't guess; yes, I do."

Hardly were these lines written when tidings came that Montcalm was defeated, Quebec taken and Wolfe killed. A flood of mixed emotion swept over England. Walpole¹ wrote: "Joy, curiosity, astonishment, were painted on every countenance. The more they inquired, the more their admiration rose. Not an incident but what was heroic and affecting." England blazed with bonfires. In one spot alone all was dark and silent; for here a widowed mother mourned for a loving and devoted son, and the people forbore to profane her grief with the clamor of their rejoicings.

New England had still more cause of joy than Old, and she filled the land with jubilation. The pulpits resounded with sermons of thanksgiving. Among the rest, Jonathan Mayhew, a young, but justly celebrated min-

ister of Boston, pictured with enthusiasm the future greatness of the British-American colonies, and foretold that, "with the continued blessing of Heaven, they will become, in another century or two, a mighty empire;" adding, in cautious parenthesis: "I do not mean an independent one." He read Wolfe's victory aright, and divined its far-reaching consequences.

CHAPTER XI

THE FALL OF CANADA

(1755-1763)

CANADA, crippled and dismembered by the disasters of this last year's campaign, lay waiting, as it were, the final stroke which was to extinguish her last remains of life, and close the eventful story of French dominion in America. Her limbs and her head were lopped away, but life still fluttered at her heart. Quebec, Niagara,¹ Frontenac, and Crown Point² had fallen; but Montreal and the adjacent country still held out, and thither, with the opening season of 1760, the British commanders turned all their energies. Three armies were to enter Canada at three several points, and, conquering as they advanced, converge towards Montreal as a common centre.

In accordance with this plan, Sir Jeffrey Amherst embarked at Oswego, crossed Lake Ontario, and descended the St. Lawrence with ten thousand men; while Colonel Haviland advanced by way of Lake Champlain and the River Sorel, and General Murray ascended from Quebec with a body of the veterans who had fought on the plains of Abraham.

By a singular concurrence of fortune and skill, the three armies reached the neighborhood of Montreal on the same day. The feeble and disheartened garrison could offer no resistance, and on the eighth of September, 1760, the Marquis de Vaudreuil surrendered Canada, with all its dependencies, to the British crown.

By the terms of the capitulation, French officers, civil and military, with French troops and sailors, were to be sent to France in British ships. Free exercise of religion was assured to the people of the colony, and the religious communities were to retain their possessions, rights, and privileges. All persons who might wish to retire to France

were allowed to do so, and the Canadians were to remain in full enjoyment of feudal and other property, including negro and Indian slaves.

The greatest alarm had prevailed among the inhabitants lest they should suffer violence from the English Indians, and Vaudreuil had endeavored to provide that these dangerous enemies should be sent back at once to their villages. This was refused, with the remark: "There have never been any cruelties committed by the Indians of our army." Strict precautions were taken at the same time, not only against the few savages whom the firm conduct of Johnson at Fort Lévis¹ had not driven away, but also against the late allies of the French, now become a peril to them. Amherst, in general orders, expressed his confidence "that the troops will not disgrace themselves by the least appearance of inhumanity, or by any unsoldierlike behavior in seeking for plunder; and that as the Canadians are now become British subjects, they will feel the good effects of his Majesty's protection." They

were in fact treated with a kindness that seemed to surprise them.

France ceded to Great Britain Canada and all her possessions on the North American continent east of the river Mississippi, except the city of New Orleans and a small adjacent district. She renounced her claims to Acadia, and gave up to the conqueror the island of Cape Breton, with all other islands in the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence. Spain received back Havana, and paid for it by the cession of Florida, with all her other possessions east of the Mississippi.

On the day when the preliminaries were signed, France made a secret agreement with Spain, by which she divested herself of the last shred of her possessions on the North American continent. As compensation for Florida, which her luckless ally had lost in her quarrel, she made over to the Spanish Crown the city of New Orleans, and under the name of Louisiana¹ gave her the vast region spreading westward from the Mississippi towards the Pacific.

The Peace of Paris was signed at Paris on

the tenth of February, 1763. The Seven Years' War was ended. With it ended the chequered story of New France; a story which would have been a history if faults of constitution and the bigotry and folly of rulers had not dwarfed it to an episode. Yet it is a noteworthy one in both its lights and its shadows; in the disinterested zeal of the founders of Quebec, the self-devotion of the early missionary martyrs and the daring enterprise of explorers; in the spiritual and temporal vassalage from which the only escape was to the savagery of the wilderness; and in the swarming corruptions which were the natural result of an attempt to rule, by the absolute hand of a master beyond the Atlantic, a people bereft of every vestige of civil liberty.

In the building up of colonies, England succeeded and France failed. The cause lies chiefly in the vast advantage drawn by England from the historical training of her people in habits of reflection, forecast, industry, and self-reliance, — a training which enables them to adopt and maintain an invigorating

system of self-rule, totally inapplicable to their rivals. The New England colonists were neither sent out by the King, governed by him, nor helped by him. They grew up in utter neglect, and continued neglect was the only boon they asked. Till their increasing strength roused the jealousy of the Crown, they were virtually independent,—a republic, but by no means a democracy. They chose their governor and all their rulers from among themselves, made their own government and paid for it, supported their own clergy, defended themselves, and educated themselves. Under the hard and repellent surface of New England society lay the true foundations of a stable freedom,—conscience, reflection, patience, and public spirit.

One great fact stands out conspicuous in Canadian history,—the Church of Rome. More even than the royal power, she shaped the character and the destinies of the colony. She was its nurse and almost its mother; and, wayward and headstrong as it was, it never broke the ties of faith that held it to

her. It was these ties which, in the absence of political franchises, formed under the old régime the only vital coherence in the population. The royal government was transient; the Church was permanent. The English conquest shattered the whole apparatus of civil administration at a blow, but it left her untouched. Governors, intendants, councils, and commandants, all were gone; the principal seigniors fled the colony; and a people who had never learned to control themselves or help themselves were suddenly left to their own devices. Confusion, if not anarchy, would have followed but for the parish priests, who in a character of double pater-nity, half spiritual and half temporal, became more than ever the guardians of order throughout Canada.

This English conquest was the grand crisis of Canadian history. It was the beginning of a new life. The Canadian Church grew purer and better in the presence of an adverse faith. Material growth; an increased mental activity; an education, real, though fenced and guarded; a warm and genuine

patriotism, — all date from the peace of 1763.

England imposed by the sword on reluctant Canada the boon of rational and ordered liberty. Through centuries of striving she had advanced from stage to stage of progress, deliberate and calm, — never breaking with her past, but making each fresh gain the base of a new success, — enlarging popular liberties while losing nothing of that height and force of individual development which is the brain and heart of civilization; and now, through a hard-earned victory, she taught the conquered colony to share the blessings she had won. A happier calamity never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by the British arms.

THE END

NOTES

Page 2, No. 1. **Normans . . . Bretons.** " Among the seafaring people of Europe there are perhaps none more hardy and enterprising than the inhabitants of the picturesque little towns along the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. . . . Thither a thousand years ago flocked the Vikings from the fjords of Norway and settled down over the north of Gaul as over the east of Britain. The geographical position was favorable to the indulgence of inherited proclivities, and throughout the Middle Ages the French and English shores of the Channel were famed for their hardy mariners." (John Fiske, " New France and New England.")

Page 2, No. 2. **Basques**, a race of unknown origin inhabiting parts of France and Spain in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees.

Page 3, No. 1. **Jacques Cartier** was born in the Breton sea-port of St. Malo, where his reputed portrait still hangs in the town hall. After roaming the sea for many years, he was appointed by Philippe de Chabot, Admiral of France, to carry on the work of Denis of Honfleur and Verrazano, by exploring the Gulf of St. Lawrence, then called

the Gulf of Sylvanus. On his voyage of 1635 he visited the sites of both Quebec and Montreal, which were then occupied by two flourishing Indian towns, called Stadacona and Hochelaga. These towns, which belonged to the Iroquois nation, had completely vanished by the time Champlain visited Canada, and another nation, the Algonquins, had usurped what was formerly the Iroquois territory.

Page 3, No. 2. **Montreal.** The word is a contraction of the name Mont Royal, or "royal mountain," which Cartier gave to the mountain behind the town.

Page 3, No. 3. **Religious wars.** The civil wars of France were waged by the Catholic party against the Huguenots (or Protestants) during the latter half of the sixteenth century, during the reigns of Francis I, Charles IX (his mother, Catharine De Medici being Regent), and Henry III.

Page 3, No. 4. **Hapless colony of Florida.** Under the patronage of Coligny, French Huguenots had founded a colony on the St. John's River in Florida in 1564. The Spanish claimed this country at the time, and the next year an expedition sailed from Spain, erected a fort at St. Augustine, and exterminated the Huguenot colony.

Page 4, No. 1. **The King Louis XIII of France.**

Page 4, No. 2. **Samuel de Champlain** was born in Rouage, a small seaport in the province of Sain-

tonge, not many miles south of Rochelle, in a district famous for its many brave sailors. Champlain was "a true viking, who loved the tossing waves and the howling of the wind in the shrouds. His strength and agility seemed inexhaustible; in the moment of danger his calmness was unruffled as he stood with hand on tiller, calling out his orders in cheery tones that were heard above the tempest. He was a strict disciplinarian, but courteous and merciful as well as just and true; and there was a blitheness of mood and quaintness of speech about him that made him a most lovable companion." (Fiske, *New France and New England*, p. 40.) After the peace of 1598 Champlain sailed with a Spanish fleet to Mexico and the West Indies, a voyage of which he kept a journal, illustrated by himself. This is now owned by the Carter-Brown Library of Providence, R. I.

Page 5, No. 1. **Acadia.** The word "Acadia" is derived from a Miemac word, "Acadie" or "Aquoddy," which means "place" or "region," and which appears in such names as Passamaquoddy. "In French it has a romantic flavor, which is perhaps slightly enhanced in the English Acadia."

Page 5, No. 2. **St. Lawrence.** The St. Lawrence was so named because Cartier discovered it on the 10th of August, a day dedicated by the Catholic Church to the martyred St. Lawrence.

Page 5, No. 3. **Jesuits.** The Jesuits were the members of the "Society of Jesus," founded by Loyola in 1534. Beginning with only seven members, they numbered over 22,000 at the time of their suppression in the 18th century. The Order was opposed by many on account of its zeal in teaching and upholding the special claims of the Papacy and the Roman Catholic Church. The Jesuits aimed at the conversion of the world, and showed in their missionary labors great energy, ability and devotion. In the latter part of the 16th centuries and the beginning of the 17th they established missions in the farthest East, Japan, Brazil and Paraguay, and a little later began their work with the Indians in Canada, where, though they were for the most part unsuccessful, they exhibited the greatest heroism under terrible sufferings. About a century later, the Jesuits as an order were suppressed in all the States of Christendom, but were allowed to continue their work as private individuals. They have always been, and are still, noted for their learning and educational ability. For an interesting, even thrilling account of the Jesuits' adventures with the Indians, see Parkman's "The Jesuits in North America."

Page 6, No. 1. **Port Royal.** This was the name given by the French to the land adjacent to the gulf afterwards named Annapolis by the English.

Page 6, No. 2. "Discord was here." So bitter

were the quarrels between the Jesuits and the traders that an old Indian Sagamore of the neighborhood, a friend of Biencourt's, one day came forward with a suggestion for peace, which consisted of the simple plan of murdering all the Jesuits! He was greatly surprised that his offer was not accepted.

Page 8, No. 1. **Mount Desert** derives its name from that given it by Champlain, "isle of the desert mountains, 'L'Isle des Monts Deserts,'" a name which to this day keeps the accent on the final syllable in token of its French origin.

Page 16, No. 1. **Northern Paraguay.** The Jesuits conducted their most celebrated missions in Paraguay from 1609-1768. They protected the Indians there from their Spanish conquerors, and gathered them into contented and prosperous communities. Their influence there was beneficial, but they were expelled owing to the jealousy of the Spaniards in power.

Page 17, No. 1. **Plains of Abraham.** A wide plateau on the Heights of Quebec, so named from some early settler, where was fought the battle between the English under Wolfe and the French under Montcalm.

Page 18, No. 1. **Louis XIV of France** reigned from 1643 to 1715. During that time the principle of monarchy, or kingship, reached its highest development. Owing to the financial reforms of Col-

bert, his minister of finance, and the military reforms of Louvois, his minister of war, France enjoyed extraordinary prosperity and the army was the most efficient in Europe. Louis XIV enjoyed such power and prestige for over half a century as no other King has ever had. He was majestic in deportment and manners, earning the title of the Magnificent Monarch. His court was his greatest achievement, noted not only for its extravagance and gaiety, but for the number of brilliant, intellectual and capable men whom he gathered there. The King was himself extremely industrious, working on an average eight hours a day. He had great tenacity of will, and "that kind of solid judgment which comes from slowness of brain." "He had also as much kindness of heart as the very great can be expected to have." . . . The despotism which he achieved, however, together with his cruel policy towards the Huguenots, which drove 50,000 families from the country, and the many foreign wars which he waged, eventually exhausted France and prepared the way for the Revolution.

Page 19, No. 1. **The Sulpitians** were a Roman Catholic order of priests, established at Paris by the Abbé Olier, about 1645, for the purpose of training young men for the clerical office. A body of these priests, called the Seminary of St. Sulpice, were the feudal owners and proprietors of Montreal.

Page 19, No. 2. **Talon** was the most capable of all the Intendants of French Canada. He was in power from 1663 to 1668, and 1670-1672. He not only encouraged exploration of the interior by such men as La Salle, Joliet, Marquette and Du Lhut, but encouraged various industries and was especially solicitous about agriculture. He laid out three model villages near Quebec, to serve as an example to the rest of the colony.

Page 19, No. 3. **Intendant.** "The Intendant of Canada was an officer charged with the duty of enforcing a minute system of regulations in the colony, and incidentally keeping a watch upon the governor's actions." (Fiske.) "The Intendant was the King's agent. . . . virtually a spy on the governor-general, of whose proceedings and everything else that took place he was required to make report." (Parkman.)

Page 20, No. 1. **Carignan** was the name of a French village, and was also given to that of the first regiment of French regular soldiers sent over in 1685 to defend the Canadians from the Iroquois Indians, who made persistent war upon them.

Page 20, No. 2. **Livre.** An old French coin, of about the same value as the modern franc (twenty cents).

Page 21, No. 1. **Absolutism.** That system of government in which the supreme power is vested in a ruler unchecked by any constitution or laws.

Louis XIV, the most striking example of an absolute monarch, was accustomed to say, "*L'état c'est moi*" ("I am the state"). The only absolute monarchies existing in Europe today are those of Russia and Turkey.

Page 22, No. 1. **Ursulines.** A religious order for women of the Roman Catholic church, particularly devoted to the education of girls.

Page 25, No. 1. **Iroquois incursions.** The enmity of the Iroquois for the French dated from 1609, when Champlain led a war-party of their hereditary enemies, the Algonquins, against them and won a victory by the use of fire-arms at Ticonderoga. The Iroquois formed a confederacy of Five (afterwards Six) nations. Those principal villages were along the Mohawk River in what is now New York State. They were the bravest, wisest and most cruel of all Indians. They exterminated or drove away the Algonquins of all the surrounding territory, and during the middle and latter half of the 17th century, repeatedly ravaged Canada and murdered the inhabitants under the very walls of Montreal and Quebec. The regiment of Carignan-Salières, under their officer, Tracy, inflicted a sharp defeat on these savages in the winter of 1666, and later a permanent peace was effected. In the colonial wars the Iroquois fought partly on the side of the English and partly for the French.

Page 25, No. 2. **Talon's villages.** See Page 19, No. 2.

Page 28, No. 1. **Feudal system.** The system by which one person held his lands from another, during his life time, on condition of certain services which he was to perform for his superior.

Page 28, No. 2. **Arpent**, the French acre, somewhat larger than ours.

Page 30, No. 1. **Château.** The great rock of Quebec was selected by Champlain in 1608 as a suitable place for a fortress, which he built and which contained also the governor's castle, or "Chateau."

Page 32, No. 1. **Monsieur Jourdain**, a character in the play by Molière, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," a good, plain citizen, who aspired to pass for a man of fashion.

Page 34, No. 1. **Priests of St. Sulpice.** See Page 19, No. 1.

Page 35, No. 1. **Coueurs de bois**, literally, "runners of the woods."

Page 36, No. 1. **Du Lhut.** Daniel Graysolon Du Lhut was born in France about 1645, came to Canada about 1670, a few years before La Salle did, engaged in fur-trading, and was employed by the government in various negotiations with the western tribes of Indians. He established trading posts at the sites of Detroit and Fort William, and helped Canada in the war against the Seneca In-

dians in 1687 and against the Iroquois in 1689. After La Salle's death he was in command at his old post at Fort Frontenac, where Kingston now stands. The city of Duluth was named after this brave trader and explorer.

Page 38, No. 1. **Saint-Castin.** The Baron de Castine was born in France in 1650, and went to Canada as a soldier in 1665. He established a trading house at Penobscot, in 1687 (the present town of Castine, Maine), and married there a daughter of the Penobscot chief. During the French and Indian war he captured Pemaquid at the head of 200 Indians in 1696. In 1706 he assisted in defending Port Royal against the English, and was wounded there in 1707. "A mere implacable foe never devastated the border; and though he dealt much with the English, by way of trade . . . no hand was ever more ready to strike them than his." (Samuel Adams Drake, "Border Wars of New England.")

Page 38, No. 2. **La Salle.** Robert René Cavelièr de La Salle, younger son of a wealthy merchant of Rouen, came to Canada in 1674, probably with a view to exploring the interior. Established first by the Sulpitian priests at La Chine and later by Frontenac at Fort Frontenac, on the site of Kingston, he sold or mortgaged both these valuable fur-trading stations to finance expeditions to the Mississippi, which he finally descended to its mouth in

1682. Three years later he led an expedition from France to the Gulf of Mexico in an effort to find the mouth of the Mississippi and plant a fort there to defend that country from the Spaniards. He missed the mouth, sailed four hundred miles beyond and landed on the coast of Texas. In an effort to lead a part of his forlorn colony back to Canada to get supplies, La Salle was assassinated by some of his followers.

Page 38, No. 3. **La Mothe-Cadillac.** Antoine de La Mothe-Cadillac, an officer in the French army, commanded the post of Michilimackinac (now Mackinaw) from 1694 to 1697, founded Detroit in 1701, and was governor of Louisiana from 1711 to 1717.

Page 38, No. 4. **Iberville.** Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, was one of the most gallant fighters of Canada, both on land and water. He was born in Montreal in 1661, entered the French army at the age of fourteen, and was one of the leaders in the destruction of Schenectady by the French and Indians in 1690. In 1692 he led an expedition to Hudson Bay, captured three English ships to his one in a splendid fight, and destroyed the last remaining post of the Company. In 1699 he led an expedition from France to discover the mouth of the Mississippi, which La Salle had died the year before in trying to find. He found it, and carried out La Salle's plans by establishing a fort at Biloxi,

which he afterwards moved to Mobile. He left Canada in 1702, and died in France.

Page 38, No. 5. **Bienville.** Jean Baptiste Le-moine, the Sieur de Bienville, was a native of Montreal, born there in 1680, and belonged to a famous family that might be called "The Fighting Le Moynes," so prominent have they been in the military history of Canada. He was Governor of Louisiana from 1701 to 1713, and from 1718 to 1726, and again from 1733 to about 1740. He founded New Orleans in 1718.

Page 42, No. 1. **Abenakis.** The Abenakis (or Eastern Men) were a branch of the Algonquin family living along the Kennebec River. They were of about the same degree of civilization as the Indians in Massachusetts, and were considerably more advanced than the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. They were subdivided into numerous tribes and sub-tribes, such as Kennebec, Penobscot and Norridgewock.

Page 42, No. 2. **Converted Iroquois of Caughnawaga.** The Caughnawagas were a band of Mohawk Indians, converted by the Jesuits and established in a small colony at Caughnawaga on the St. Lawrence River, a short distance above Montreal. "These Caughnawagas were useful to the French as middlemen in the trade between the remote northwest and the province of New York by way of Lake Champlain, and they were also of consid-

able service as spies to report in Canada the affairs of New York." Caughnawaga still exists as a reservation for Iroquois Indians.

Page 43, No. 1. **William and Mary's War**, also called in the colonies the "Ten Years' War," began in America in 1688 and ended in 1698.

Page 43, No. 2. **Vaudreuil**, the first Canadian governor of that name, who held office from 1703-1725, and displayed much ability in the management of Canadian affairs. The inhuman policy of urging the savages on to massacre white people was perhaps not confined to the French, since the English governor of New York, Dongan, was accused of inciting the Iroquois to harass the settlements of Canada in 1685.

Page 44, No. 1. **Hertel de Rouville**. He was born in Three Rivers, Quebec, in 1643; was captured by the Iroquois when still a boy, had his thumb burned off in the bowl of an Indian pipe, and was otherwise tortured, but bore the pain so bravely that the Iroquois relented and adopted him into their tribe. He finally escaped and became a lieutenant under Frontenac, the Governor, in 1690, and acting, as he believed, for the good of his country and his faith, joined in the expedition which ravaged the border settlements in Maine and Massachusetts. His services were so valuable that Louis XIV promised to reward him with letters of no-

bility, which, however, he did not receive till twenty-six years later.

Page 45, No. 1. **King Philip's War.** A war begun by the Indians of New England in 1675, under the leadership of Philip, a Wampanoag chief. The New England colonists were taken by surprise, and six hundred of them were killed, six hundred buildings burned, and thirteen towns destroyed. The New Englanders finally got the upper hand, and almost wiped out the Indians engaging in the war. Philip was captured in a swamp and killed, his body was quartered on a Thanksgiving Day especially appointed, and his head was kept for a long time on a gibbet at Plymouth.

Page 59, No. 1. **A squaw to the last.** Eunice Williams' descendants are still living on the St. Regis reservation. One of her supposed descendants, Eleazar Williams, claimed to be the "lost dauphin," the son of Louis XVI of France. A strong resemblance to the Bourbon family gave color to his claim, but it was never proved.

Page 60, No. 1. **"I have shown elsewhere."** See Parkman's "The Old Régime in Canada."

Page 62, No. 1. **Micmacs,** a tribe of the Algonquin nation, living in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, Prince Edward Island, and large portions of New Brunswick, Quebec and Newfoundland. They were greatly under the influence of the French, and helped in the attacks on the New Eng-

land settlements. There are about four thousand Micmacs left today; they are fairly well civilized, and are employed as hunters, fishers, guides, and basket and curio makers. They are nearly all Roman Catholics, owing to the efforts of the early French Missionaries and their successors.

Page 62, No. 2. **Etechemins**, also called **Amalecites**, a tribe of the Algonquins closely related to the Abenakis (see Page 42, No. 1), and scattered over western New Brunswick. They took the part of the French in the colonial wars.

Page 62, No. 3. **Caughnawagas**. See Page 42, No. 2.

Page 64, No. 1. **Aigues Mortes**. This is a small town in the south of France, about three miles from the Mediterranean, where the Huguenots were thrown into dungeons.

Page 64, No. 2. **Dragonnades** was the name applied to the series of religious persecutions of the Huguenots, begun in France shortly after Louis XIV in 1685 had revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had granted them religious freedom and civil rights. In the Huguenot strongholds in the southern part of France brutal soldiers, led by troops of dragoons, were quartered upon the Huguenots, who suffered every kind of affliction at their hands, and in consequence left the country in great numbers, emigrating to Switzerland, the British Isles, and the English and Dutch colonies of North America.

Under Louis XV the Dragonnades were revived by the orders of his chief minister, the Duc de Bourbon.

Page 68, No. 1. **Schenectady.** In the winter of 1690 a party of French and Indians under D'Ailleboud and Le Moyne de St. Helene, with others of the Canadian nobility, made their way from Montreal down the Richelieu River and Lake Champlain and struck across to Schenectady, then the farthest outpost of the colony of New York. The Dutch settlers there, though repeatedly warned that they should keep guard, laughed at the idea, and, it is said, left both their gates wide open and placed two snow images there as mock sentinels. The French and Indians attacked at night during a snowstorm, massacred sixty and captured between eighty and ninety of the two hundred inhabitants, and destroyed sixty of the sixty-six houses. Neither women nor children were spared. "No pen can write, and no tongue can express the cruelties that were committed," wrote Col. Schuyler of Albany.

Page 69, No. 1. **In the west.** "The treaty of Aix-la-Chappelle did very little to set matters at rest in North America; it provided only a short breathing spell before the numerous unsettled questions gave rise to another and far greater war. The treaty did little or nothing toward marking out boundaries either at the East in Acadia, or at the

West toward the Ohio valley, and it was in the latter region that the next great storm was to burst. . . . Since La Salle's time a great change had come over the land. In his day Pennsylvania was merely the banks of the Delaware River, while the Maryland and Virginia settlements were confined to the tidewater regions; but by 1748 not only had these English populations spread for many miles into the interior, but a fresh immigration from Europe, conducted on a greater scale than any of its predecessors, had introduced into the middle Appalachian region an active and aggressive population. "Of the 3,000,000 inhabitants of the United States in 1776, at least one-sixth part were Presbyterians, who had come from the north of Ireland since 1720. Along with these there was a considerable population of Protestant Germans, who had come at about the same time. By far the greater part of this population had passed through the old settled seaboard districts and made homes for itself on what was then the westward frontier; that is to say, the Allegheny region of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas. . . . Now this advance of the English frontier was an advance against the centre of the whole French position. In those days, as at present, there were two great routes, whether for military purposes or for trade, between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi valley. One of these was from Albany to the Niagara River, and

thence westward either to the north or to the south of Lake Erie. The other was from Philadelphia or Baltimore to Pittsburgh, and thence down the Ohio River. It followed, therefore, that if the English could firmly hold both the Niagara River and the junction between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, where Pittsburg now stands, it would be in their power to strike at the centre of the long exterior line held by the French, and forever to cut Louisiana asunder from Canada. . . . A new Governor came to Canada, the Marquis Duquesne, who saw clearly that New France must either control the gateway of the west (Pittsburgh), or give up all hold upon the Ohio valley and submit to see Canada severed from Louisiana. Accordingly, in the spring of 1753 Duquesne sent out a force of 1500 men commanded by an able veteran named Marin." (John Fiske's "New France and New England.") See next paragraph in text.

Page 69, No. 2. **Presqué Isle.** Where the town of Erie now stands.

Page 71, No. 1. **Duquesne.** The site of Pittsburgh. See Page 153, No. 1.

Page 73, No. 1. **Horses and wagons.** Benjamin Franklin had to go about among the farmers and pledge his own credit, in order to get a fair supply.

Page 75, No. 1. **Ojibwas.** The largest and most important tribe of the Algonquin stock, formerly holding a large territory about the upper Great

Lakes, and now gathered within a number of reservations within the same area.

Page 75, No. 2. **Ottawas.** An Algonquin tribe originally living about the upper Ottawa River in Canada and carrying on an active trade by water between the Eastern tribes and those of the Lakes. Being allies of the French, they were hated by the Iroquois, who were at war with the French, and were forced to abandon their country about 1645 and flee to the western Great Lake region.

Page 75, No. 3. **Hurons.** A tribe of Iroquois descent, who incurred the enmity of the latter by their friendship for the French, and were driven from their territory in eastern Canada to the western Great Lake region about the middle of the 17th century.

Page 75, No. 4. **Delawares.** A tribe of Algonquin stock originally occupying what is now New Jersey and the Delaware River basin, eastern Pennsylvania, and south-eastern New York. They were friendly with the Dutch and Swedish colonists, and in 1682 made the famous treaty with William Penn that was faithfully kept by both sides for over half a century.

Page 77, No. 1. **Tumbrils, howitzers and coehorns.** Tumbrils were covered carts with two wheels, which accompanied artillery for the purpose of conveying tools, ammunition, etc. A howitzer was a piece of ordnance used for curved fire

and to reach troops behind a parapet or some other obstruction. Coe-horns were contrivances for throwing explosive missiles.

Page 78, No. 1. **Sauve qui peut**, "Let him save himself who can!"

Page 86, No. 1. **John Stark**, the famous American patriot, was born in New Hampshire. He became a lieutenant in Rogers' Rangers while a young man, and was promoted to captain during the French and Indian war. In 1775 he was made a colonel in Connecticut, raised a regiment there in one day, and took part in the battle of Bunker Hill. His most famous exploit during the Revolution was his defeat of a force of Hessians in the battle of Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777. For this he was made a Brigadier General and formally thanked by Congress.

Page 88, No. 1. **Dürer's knight**. Albrecht Dürer, born in 1471, died in 1528, was a German painter of great genius. One of his most famous pictures was called "The Knight, Death and the Devil," and shows a knight on horseback accompanied by another figure on horseback with lifted hour-glass, representing Death.

Page 88, No. 2. **Ticonderoga**, the Iroquois word for "meeting of the waters," given because at this point Lake George is divided only by a thin strip of land from Lake Champlain. Here Champlain first aroused the enmity of the Iroquois against the

French by leading a band of Algonquins against them in 1609.

Page 88, No. 3. **Loudon**, John Campbell, Earl of Loudon, succeeded Shirley as commander-in-chief of the English forces in America. As he was slow in coming to America, Abercrombie was sent in advance of him, and as Abercrombie was not quite ready, Col. Daniel Webb was sent to serve in his place till he came. "So much swapping of horses in mid-stream . . . was not conducive to promptness and unity of operation. As for the new commander-in-chief, he was as poor a choice as could have been made . . . dull, sleepy and irresolute." (Fiske, "New France and New England.")

Page 101, No. 1. **Montcalm**. Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm was born at Candiac, near Nimes, France, in 1712. He received a good education, having an extensive knowledge of Latin, Greek and history at the age of fourteen, when he entered the French army. He served in many battles, was quickly promoted, and having been recognized during the war of the Austrian Succession as one of the ablest officers in the French service, was chosen, when forty-four years of age, as commander-in-chief of the French forces in America. During all this time his spare moments were spent in reading and study, and his ambition was to become a member of the French Academy. He was a man intensely devoted to his home and fam-

ily, and his great regret in coming to America was that he must leave his mother, wife and six children, and his beautiful country home in Candiac. When he arrived in Montreal he found himself hampered in every way by the Governor, Vaudreuil, who was jealous of his military power. The friction between Montcalm and the Governor undoubtedly helped to hasten the downfall of the French army in Canada.

Page 102, No. 1. **Oswego.** While the incompetent Loudon had been hesitating over sending troops to reinforce Oswego during the summer of 1756, Montcalm had been acting. He had crossed Lake Ontario from Fort Frontenac (the site of Kingston, Ont.), invested Oswego, and pressed the siege so vigorously that the garrison of fourteen hundred soldiers with two or three hundred non-combatants surrendered. Montcalm's Indians began murdering a few of the prisoners, and it was only by his own personal efforts and by promising them presents worth ten or twelve thousand livres that he could restrain them from further slaughter.

Page 103, No. 1. **Iowas.** The Iowas were a tribe of Sioux origin. At the beginning of the 18th century they lived in what is now Minnesota. Afterwards they went farther south to Iowa, but are now living on the reservations in Kansas and Oklahoma.

Page 106, No. 1. **Lévis.** This capable French officer had served with distinction in the War of the

Austrian Succession in Europe. He was sent to Canada in 1756, was second under Montcalm, was made major-general, repulsed Wolfe at Montmorenci, and after the death of Montcalm took command of the remnant of the French army in Canada and kept up a hopeless but gallant fight against the conquering British throughout the succeeding winter. He returned to France in 1761, served in many campaigns, and was made Marshal of France and Duke and Peer of the Realm.

Page 117, No. 1. **Chapter VIII.** Up to the mid-summer of 1758 the English were unsuccessful in the war, for the four points of strategic advantage to them in America were still untaken. These were: Fort Duquesne, near which Braddock's army had met its terrible defeat; Fort Frontenac, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, the approach to which by the English had been prevented by Montcalm's capture of the fort at Oswego; the southern end of Lake Champlain, with the fortresses of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which were still held by the French; and the fortified town of Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island, which was important because it gave the French a base from which they could threaten the British sea-coast, damage commerce, and prevent the English from sending an expedition up the St. Lawrence.

Page 117, No. 2. **Dunkirk.** A sea-port of

France, noted then and now for its strong fortifications.

Page 118, No. 1. **Sir Jeffery Amherst.** Amherst was a general of tried ability, chosen by Pitt (see Page 134, No. 1) to replace the incompetent London as Commander-in-chief of the English forces in America. After taking part in the capture of Louisbourg, he led successful expeditions against Crown Point and Ticonderoga in 1759, and commanded in person before Montreal when Canada and all her dependencies were surrendered to the British Crown.

Page 134, No. 1. **Pitt.** William Pitt, First Earl of Chatham, was a famous English statesman, "the greatest war minister and organizer of victory that the world has ever seen." He entered Parliament in 1735, immediately gained great influence, and the next year was called upon by the King to carry on the government. A new Cabinet was formed, of which the Duke of Devonshire was nominally the head, but Pitt had the real power. One reason for Pitt's success was his wise selection of the right men to carry out his plans — another was his breadth of vision and grasp of larger ideas. "Along with these high intellectual qualifications, there was in Pitt a magnetic glow of lofty emotion which seemed at once under his leadership to inspire the whole English people. It was said of him that no man ever entered his presence without

going away a better citizen and a braver man." (Fiske's "New France and New England.")

Page 136, No. 1. **Lycurgus.** A law-giver and political reformer of ancient Sparta, who undertook to introduce a new constitution and establish a new social order, which should make Spartans a pre-eminently military people.

Page 137, No. 1. **Whaleboats.** Light, seaworthy boats used in whale-fishing, and excellent also for naval use.

Page 138, No. 1. **Lyman.** Phineas Lyman was a famous Connecticut soldier, who as a young man was first a tutor at Yale College, then a lawyer, and in 1755 led the Connecticut militia in the French and Indian war. He took part in the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and in the expeditions of 1760 to Oswego and Montreal. After the war he went to England and obtained from the British government a grant of land near Natchez, Mississippi, to which he then led a band of settlers.

Page 140, No. 1. **Putnam.** Israel Putnam was one of the most famous fighters of the colonies. It is said that, when a young man, he coolly entered a cave at night where a wolf had taken refuge, and shot him by the light of a torch. He left his farm in Connecticut to engage in the French and Indian war, and in the summer of 1758 was captured in a skirmish near Whitehall, New York. He was tied

to a stake by some Indians, and was rescued by a French officer only after the flames had actually begun to curl around him. He took part later in Pontiac's War, and in 1775 was plowing on his farm when the news of the battle of Lexington reached him. He left his plow in the field, and, mounting his horse, rode the sixty-eight miles to Cambridge in one day. He was made brigadier-general, and took a prominent part in the war.

Page 140, No. 2. **Qui vive?** "Who goes there?"

Page 141, No. 1. **Abercrombie.** After Abercrombie's disgraceful defeat at Ticonderoga, the New England soldiers called him "Mrs. Nabby-crombie."

Page 142, No. 1. **Abattis.** A barricade made of felled trees, with the sharpened ends of their branches pointed upward and outwards towards the enemy.

Page 146, No. 1. **Col. John Bradstreet,** one of Abercrombie's officers, was an Englishman, most of whose life had been spent in America. He was a most capable officer, had taken part in the first capture of Louisbourg, and in 1758 led an expedition against Fort Frontenac and captured it.

Page 149, No. 1. **The Highlanders,** or Scotch regiments, were and are noted for their hardihood and bravery.

Page 153, No. 1. **Taking of Fort Duquesne** by

General Forbes. John Forbes was a veteran Scotchman, as much liked in America as Braddock had been detested. He was frank, simple, honest, and full of good common sense. In advancing with his army through the wilderness towards Fort Duquesne, he pursued different tactics from those of Braddock's, and instead of taking a long baggage train, cleared the way and built a rough road as he went along, putting up at intervals block houses to serve as temporary supports, and store-houses. This took an enormous amount of work and time, but its slowness was advantageous, as the Indian allies of the French, who were waiting at Fort Duquesne, grew tired of the delay and all dispersed before the English arrived there. When Forbes' officers, George Washington and Col. Henry Bouquet, arrived at Fort Duquesne in the fall, they found it deserted by both French and Indians. They took possession of it, and called it Pittsburgh, in honor of the great war-minister. Forbes died the next spring of a painful disease which had tortured him all through his campaign.

Page 154, No. 1. **Destruction of Fort Frontenac.**
(See Page 146, No. 1.)

Page 154, No. 2. **Cadet and his crew.** Cadet was a butcher of Quebec, who became a favorite of Bigot, Intendant at that period. Bigot allowed Cadet and other associates to sell goods to the King at more than one hundred per cent. profit, the

goods then being sold back to the people at enormous prices. Owing to these corrupt practices, Cadet became the richest man in Canada.

Page 156, No. 1. **The Duke of Newcastle.** Secretary of State in England from 1724 on for almost thirty-eight years. He knew so little about American affairs that when he was told Annapolis must be fortified, he exclaimed: "Annapolis, Annapolis! Oh, yes! Annapolis must be defended; to be sure, Annapolis should be defended. Where is Annapolis?"

Page 156, No. 2. **The Great Condé.** A member of the famous Bourbon family of France, born in 1621, died in 1686. He led the French army to many brilliant victories, but was noticeable for his unmilitary appearance.

Page 161, No. 1. **Vaudreuil.** The son of the first governor of that name in Canada. He was made Governor in 1755, to succeed Duquesne. He had more vanity than ability, hindered Montcalm in many ways, and finally hastened the fall of Quebec by his actions after Montcalm's death.

Page 166, No. 1. **Vive le roi!** "Long live the King!"

Page 195, No. 1. **Horace Walpole,** in later life Earl of Orford, was an English gentleman whose letters form an interesting record of the society of his day.

Page 197, No. 1. **Niagara.** This fort, bravely

defended by the French commander Pouchot, was taken by the English under Sir William Johnson in July, 1758. The surrender was the final blow to the French in the west.

Page 197, No. 2. **Crown Point.** The forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point had been deserted and practically destroyed by the French General Bourlamaque in the summer of 1758, as General Amherst with thirteen thousand men was marching to attack them.

Page 199, No. 1. **Fort Lévis.** A fort built by the French officer Lévis on an island in the St. Lawrence just above the first rapids, taken by Amherst's army while on its way to Montreal in July, 1760. Sir William Johnson's seven hundred Mohawks, who were with the English, wished to kill the prisoners; being prevented from doing so, three-quarters of them went home in a rage.

Page 200, No. 1. **Louisiana.** It was ceded back to France under Napoleon I by Spain in 1800. In 1803 the United States purchased it for \$15,000,000.